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Morphia

By a Victim

THIRST!
Not the thirst of the throat,
Though that be the wildest and worst
Of physical pangs—that smote
Alone to the heart of Christ,
Wringing the one wild cry
"I thirst!" from His agony,
While the soldiers drank and diced:
Not the thirst benign
That calls the worker to wine;
Not the bodily thirst
(Though that be frenzy accurst)
When the mouth is full of sand,
And the eyes are gummed up, and the ears
Trick the soul till it hears
Water, water at hand,
When a man will dig his nails
In his breast, and drink the blood
Already that clots and stales
Ere his tongue can tip its flood,
When the sun is a living devil
Vomiting vats of evil,
And the moon and the night but mock
The wretch on his barren rock,

And the dome of heaven high-arched
Like his mouth is arid and parched,
And the caves of his heart high-spanned
Are choked with alkali sand!

Not this! but a thirst uncharted;
Body and soul alike
Traitors turned black-hearted,
Seeking a space to strike
In a victim already attuned
To one vast chord of wound;
Every separate bone
Cold, an incarnate groan
Distilled from the icy sperm
Of Hell's implacable worm;
Every drop of the river
Of blood aflame and a-quiver
With poison secret and sour—
With a sudden twitch at the last
Like certain jagged daggers.
(With blood-shot eyes dull-glassed
The screaming Malay staggers
Through his village aghast).
So blood wrenches its pain
Sardonic through heart and brain.
Every separate nerve
Awake and alert, on a curve
Whose asymptote's name is "never"
In a hyperbolic "for ever"!
A bitten and burning snake
Striking its venom within it,
As if it might serve to slake
The pain for the tithe of a minute.
Awake, for ever awake!
Awake as one never is
While sleep is a possible end,
Awake in the void, the abyss
Whose thirst is an echo of this
That martyrs, world without end,
(World without end, amen!)
The man that falters and yields
For the proverb's "month and an hour"

MORPHIA

To the lure of the snow-starred fields
Where the opium poppy's aflower.

Only the prick of a needle
Charged from a wizard well!
Is this sufficient to wheedle
A soul from heaven to hell?
Was man's spirit weaned
From fear of its ghosts and gods
To fawn at the feet of a fiend?
Is it such terrible odds—
The heir of ages of wonder,
The crown of earth for an hour,
The master of tide and thunder
Against the juice of a flower?
Ay! in the roar and the rattle
Of all the armies of sin,
This is the only battle
He never was known to win.

Slave to the thirst—not thirst
As here it is weakly written,
Not thirst in the brain black-bitten,
In the soul more sorely smitten!
One dare not think of the worst!
Beyond the raging and raving
Hell of the physical craving
Lies, in the brain benumbed,
At the end of time and space,
An abyss, unmeasured, unplumbed—
The haunt of a face!

She it is, she, that found me
In the morphia honeymoon;
With silk and steel she bound me,
In her poisonous milk she drowned me,
Even now her arms surround me,
Stifling me into the swoon
That still—but oh, how rarely!—
Comes at the thrust of the needle,
Steadily stares and squarely,
Nor needs to fondle and wheedle

Her slave agasp for a kiss,
Hers whose horror is his
That knows that viper womb,
Speckled and barred with black
On its rusty amber scales,
Is his tomb—
The straining, groaning, rack
On which he wails—he wails!

Her cranial dome is vaulted,
Her mad Mongolian eyes
Aslant with the ecstasies
Of things immune, exalted
Far beyond stars and skies,
Slits of amber and jet—
Her snout for the quarry set
Fleshy and heavy and gross,
Bestial, broken across,
And below it her mouth that drips
Blood from the lips
That hide the fangs of a snake,
Drips on venomous udders
Mountainous flanks that fret,
And the spirit sickens and shudders
At the hint of a worse thing yet.

Olya! the golden bait
Barbed with infinite pain,
Fatal, fanatical mate
Of a poisoned body and brain!
Olya, the name that leers
Its lecherous longing and knavery,
Whispers in crazing ears
The secret spell of her slavery.

Horror indeed intense,
Seduction ever intenser,
Swinging the smoke of sense
From the bowl of a smouldering censer!
Behind me, behind and above,
She stands, that mirror of love.
Her fingers are supple-jointed;

MORPHIA

Her nails are polished and pointed,
And tipped with spurs of gold:
With them she rowels the brain.
Her lust is critical, cold;
And her Chinese cheeks are pale,
As she daintily picks, profane
With her octopus lips, and the teeth
Jagged and black beneath,
Pulp and blood from a nail.

One swift prick was enough
In days gone by to invoke her:
She was incarnate love
In the hours when I first awoke her.
Little by little I found
The truth of her, stripped of clothing,
Bitter beyond all bound,
Leprous beyond all loathing.
Black, the plague of the pit,
Her pustules visibly fester,
Cancerous kisses that bit
As the asp caressed her.

Dragon of lure and dread,
Tiger of fury and lust,
The quick in chains to the dead,
The slime alive in the dust,
Brazen shame like a flame,
An orgy of pregnant pollution
With hate beyond aim or name—
Orgasm, death, dissolution!
Know you now why her eyes
So fearfully glaze, beholding
Terrors and infamies
Like filthy flowers unfolding?
Laughter widowed of ease,
Agony barred from sadness,
Death defeated of peace,
Is she not madness?

She waits for me, lazily leering,
As moon goes murdering moon;

The moon of her triumph is nearing;
She will have me wholly soon.

. . . . . .

And you, you puritan others,
Who have missed the morphia craving,
Cry scorn if I call you brothers,
Curl lip at my maniac raving,
Fools, seven times beguiled,
You have not known her? Well!
There was never a need she smiled
To harry *you* into hell!

Morphia is but one
Spark of its secular fire.
She is the single sun—
Type of all desire!
All that you would, you are—
And that is the crown of a craving.
You are slaves of the wormwood star.
Analysed, reason is raving.
Feeling, examined, is pain.
What heaven were to hope for a doubt of it!
Life is anguish, insane;
And death is—not a way out of it!

Euphorian in Texas

By George Moore

"BRING in the lamp, Agnes," I said, "and quickly." And to myself as soon as she had left the room I said, "Alas! She'll linger in the pantry leaving me in this grey dusk which pervades the room like a phantom." And afraid to look round I sat in my chair, thinking; for the dusk had started me thinking that it were stupid to retain any longer, for the sake of their beauty, my old-time lamps. A key winds up the nourishing oil with a gurgle, but the men who understood the delicate mechanism of these lamps were dead; mine are never in perfect repair, and the process of lighting them seems to be beyond the scope of Agnes's mind, for the fact, simple though it seems, has never been fully grasped by her, that after winding up the lamp she must wait till the oil overflows the burner before laying the match to the wick. "Ah, here she is!"

I began to put questions to her, gradually eliciting the truth, Cook had wound the lamp for her, so there would be no danger of finding myself in the dark. It is unfortunate to happen upon so imperfect an intelligence as Agnes's, but everybody has faults, we must always remember that; and with an easy mind I watched a yellow-haired, robust young woman with enormous hips and narrow shoulders, draw grey curtains across the tall, narrow windows. The long folds seemed to me to be in keeping with the urn-shaped lamps; and in a room now lighted by fire and lamp, I lay back in my arm-chair and tried to pick up the thread of my memories, catching up an adventure at Vincennes, whither I had gone with a pretty woman at the end of the 'seventies when white stockings were still modish. A garter and a lace handkerchief were treasured by me for many years, and the three letters that she wrote to me; but in those days no order was kept among my papers, so nothing remains of her but a name, a name which she may have changed. Curious, isn't it, that I should remember

her address all through these years? 17, Cathedral Street, Baltimore. If the street has been pulled down, nothing remains of her. Baltimore is too large a town to be cherished among one's personal recollections. Besides, I have never been there. If I had gone to Baltimore I might have married her, and if I had married her my life would have been quite different. I might have gone into business. What is Baltimore celebrated for? And what has become of Marie Bruguère? Irrelevant questions of this kind elderly gentlemen are prone to ask themselves in the hour before dinner, when the parlourmaid has brought the lamp and drawn the curtains. And while considering which I should choose, were it given to me again to choose a life of love or of literature, my eyes roved over the pictures hanging upon the walls, the cabinets against the walls, and the tables and chairs spaced over the pale roses and florid architecture of Aubusson. It seemed to me that a chair hid a beautiful flower, and some finely designed sprays, but to remove the chair would interrupt my dream. "And chairs we must have," I said, "though they interrupt the perfect enjoyment of an Aubusson carpet."

And having delivered myself of this little homily I set myself to thinking that perhaps she lay under an incised stone, and of the certain dispersal of all my beautiful furniture at Christie's in a few years—in a very few years. My eye fell languid on the delicate proportions of a certain cabinet "in whose drawers," I said, are stored many dozen letters, and, alas, not one from her who once lived in Cathedral Street! She wrote few, Gabrielle wrote many, her letters are all there—all but the first; long letters of four and six and eight pages in which she tells everything, lifts every veil. I remember her writing: "You must make no apologies; that you are middle-aged is one of your recommendations. I really don't like young men; and that you write books is your best quality since they are beautiful. We shall speak much of 'Evelyn Innes.' The next day we shall meet in a museum, the next in a *fiacre*, and we shall take a lovely drive, and the last day you shall come to see me. . . . You will like me very much, of course, because you could not dislike one of your own women. But I am very tall, and if you are not, it will irritate you."

"How evocative," I said, "are those words of small, witty eyes, blond hair, and some freckles. She writes like one whose voice is low. If I knew German I should detect her distinctly unprotestant, soft, South-German accent. Still more evocative is the letter in which she tells me that I must inscribe myself in the visitor's book as Mr. Dayne from London, and write to her as soon as I am rested. "We will talk of 'Evelyn Innes,'" she says in that letter, and, no doubt, if I had indulged the erethism of this exquisite Viennese, we should have talked of "Evelyn Innes," one of the most powerful literary aphrodisiacs ever written . . . . though it be little else. "As soon as you are rested you will send me a little note in which you will tell me the number of your room, and *à quelle heure* you expect me. I then shall come at once. How nice it will be! I shall stay an hour and a half, and even if we are a little disappointed we shall laugh a great deal, because it is amusing when a lady comes to see a gentleman she has never seen before. Have you ever heard of such a funny thing!"

A great lump of coal crumbled into ashes, and while throwing another on the fire, I reflected that the post bag had never carried a more delightful invitation; to which, alas, I had not responded! And ever since I have been asking myself why I did not go to her. Was it because she revealed herself too completely in her letter, body and soul? Be this as it may, I did not rush to the adventure, but began, instead, a comedy in which Lewis Davenant persuades Sebastian Dayne to go to Vienna and win Gabrielle's love if he can. And it is now too late to go to her; I might as well ask her to wear one of her old hats as to love me now. Emily, too, was sacrificed to literature. In her case I feared to meet an elderly spinster who would extend a sisterly hand, saying : "I understand you, you understand me; let us go under the willows and weep." But she was not a spinster. Like Gabrielle, she was moved to write to me after reading "Evelyn Innes," and her story trickles through a long correspondence, carefully tied up in packets and tucked away in a drawer in that Sheraton book-case. A pathetic story hers seems to be in this hour of firelight and memory. Every man's memory is a mirror of dead ladies. Emily came to Europe in her teens, and

perforce we read the word "Fate" when told that she came from Australia to learn singing in Leipzig; and the very day of her arrival in that town she took her place at a *table d'hôte* with this thought in her mind: if she had known he was sitting opposite to her she would have had dinner in her room. But we cannot escape our Fate, and, despite her reluctance, the man opposite carried her away to Frankfort, where she has lived ever since, and where she has been moulded like a plant by her environment, never using her English except in her letters to me, yet keeping it in its purity, and telling me in a somewhat formal style that for years she was loved by a young German whom she met every summer in a small town in Bavaria. She was then a Roman Catholic with a sense of sin in her heart, and one day on her way to her lover her conscience troubled her so grievously that she stopped at a church, and seeing an old priest she entered his confessional and confessed much weakness of the flesh to him. "If I am on my way to my lover," she said, "it is to tell him that I'll see him no more." "My daughter," he answered, "you had better not go to your lover."

The road to the railway station lay through a wood, and she had felt that out of that wood must come a sign, a miraculous manifestation which would give her strength to resist temptation. But the wood was silent, nothing stirred in the trees, and at every station she determined to take the next train back, till at last she could stand the strain no longer, and jumped out at a little wayside station. But her lover was waiting there for her, his impatience having sent him to meet her half-way; and from that moment she knew that no divinity could prevent her from doing what she felt sure was both her wish and her will. Some phrases in her letter rose up in my mind. "I can conceive no more perfect union than ours was, satisfying as it did every desire of soul, mind, and body; in all the years that it lasted we never had a quarrel, not even the slightest misunderstanding; it all seemed to grow more beautiful from day to day until even I, sceptic at heart, had begun to believe in the everlastingness of love."

But one day her lover confessed to her that his conscience had awakened and he must begin a new life. He was a man, she said, without any religious convictions at

all, but now it appeared to him, all at once, that he was leading an immoral life, and I remembered how she had told me that with this conviction there seemed to be born the wish for the legitimate joys of a bourgeois existence. After she had given him his freedom, he married a pretty Italian governess; and it was at the end of her happiness, after reading "Evelyn Innes" that she wrote asking me to come to Frankfort; but as I was not able to go she went to the little Bavarian town where she had been very happy once, "and where freed from the cares and thoughts of home, she now meditates and remembers," I said, "like myself in this chair. And every year she will struggle back to that little town, but the summer will come when she will lack strength to return there, preferring to remember its streets and fields by her own fireside."

I only just escaped meeting her; for when I was in Munich for the festival, it seemed a mere politeness to write suggesting that she should come to me or that I should go to her, but she discovered an excuse for not meeting me. "You ask what is the matter?" she wrote. "Well, the naked truth is that I have had a severe attack of some liver complaint, and have burnt myself so badly with a hot water bag that I am only able to hang on my garments any sort of way. I am sure you don't want to meet such a woman. There would be no disappointment for me, of that I am sure; whereas you, as a man, look for other qualities in a woman. You cannot, if you would, ignore the physical side of the question except in one way, by avoiding the woman, by not seeing her, letting the imagination paint her picture." A sincere woman. It is months since I have heard from her; and it may well be that I shall never hear from her again, and it may be that we might have had some happy moments together if she had not waited till her lover had married the Italian governess. Surmise, surmise! But she was certainly right to avoid seeing me when I was in Munich. All the same, it was a pity not to have seen her, and I am sorry that I did not go to the inn at Toelz without warning her, putting down a false name in the visitor's book. It would have been amusing to have made her acquaintance casually in the dining-room and to have gone for walks with her and sat with her under the same trees as she had sat under with

her lover, and wheedled her into telling me all about him. A comedy unfolded in the fire, and presently another face rose up in my mind; the straight nose and clear eyes of an American poetess who did not fear that I might be disillusioned, for after a long correspondence she sent me some snapshots that a girl friend had taken of her while bathing in some brook in the Andes; and as these suggested a model that the sculptor of the *Venus de Milo* would have implored a sitting from, her letter inviting me to come to see her in Paris some two years later was welcomed. Here was the chance of seeing in the flesh one of those ladies who admired my writings, and I went to Paris, and we met —a single meeting with these last words, "And now I cease to be a naked woman for you"—one immemorial afternoon in Paris, and since then no letter or poem. Nothing.

A sudden recollection propelled me out of my chair and I sought her letters among the heaps in the Sheraton book-case; but there were too many for reading that evening, and coming upon a single letter in a strange hand-writing, I said, "And from whom can this be? I have had three or four letters from her, not more." And returning to my chair I determined not to yield to the temptation to solve the difficulty by taking the letter out of the envelope, and sat for a long time looking into the fire. At last I cried out, "It is she!" And my thoughts drifted away from the oath given ten years ago to the moment when Agnes, my parlourmaid, came into the room with a letter in her hand, saying that it had just been sent round from the Shelbourne Hotel. The writer mentioned that she had come from Texas. "A sufficiently romantic origin," I muttered—"'And I have come to Europe in the hope of making your acquaintance.' A little more abrupt than the usual letter," I said. "One thing, however, distinguishes her from the others. The others have proposed trysts, but this woman has come to me. She is within a few yards, almost within a stone's throw, on the other side of the Green . . . . in the prosaic Shelbourne Hotel. But she has come from Texas." And a great desire entered into my heart to see the lady who had written so simply, telling me that she had come from Texas, and that one of her objects in coming to Europe was to see me. It had

been my pride never to accept trysts from correspondents, but I had gone to Paris, and the distance that Honor had come exceeded by tenfold the journeys that the others had invited me to undertake. Texas was many thousand miles away, and seized, perhaps, by the magnetism of the abyss over which my literature had flown, it began to seem to me that it would be mean and cowardly to refuse to see her. "Insipid, trite, and cowardly I shall for ever be in my own eyes if I——" A sudden desire to see this lady from Texas caught me in the throat, and ringing the bell for my parlourmaid, I spoke to her with much gravity lest she should understand the purpose of her errand.

"You know, Agnes, that a great many people come here to see me on literary business, and the lady who sent over this letter from the Shelbourne has come probably for an interview. My time is valuable just at present and cannot be wasted on answering stupid questions; or it may be that she has come to see me about the serial or dramatic rights of my books. I want you to go to the Shelbourne, and if she should strike you as an intelligent and sprightly woman, who is not likely to bore me, give her this letter. I have noticed that you are a good judge of character and her appearance will tell you much. A good description of her is what I should like; you will be a better judge than I. She will not be able to take you in!"

"And if she's an old woman, sir?"

"Then tell her I am leaving town and am very sorry. Of course, it will be a pity, Agnes, for she has come many thousands of miles, from Texas."

"I have always heard, sir, that ladies from Texas are very rich."

Her remark surprised me, so cheerfully was it spoken, and I watched her as she went down the pavement, evidently pleased at finding herself engaged in a romantic enterprise.

She had risen above herself. On hearing that the lady was in she had said she would take the note upstairs herself and had gone up in the lift. The lady was dressing for dinner and I remembered, smilingly, how I had hearkened to Agnes's description of the lady's shoulders and the plait of yellow hair falling over them. "She had her dress off, sir, and I don't think she can be

more than five or six and twenty. She just glanced at the letter and said that it would be all right." And Agnes continued to babble from behind my chair during dinner of to-morrow's visitor. And re-crossing my legs before the blazing fire I ruminated the pleasures of yester-year, myself at the window waiting for my visitor was a dim picture, but myself running to the front door to open it to her was distinct, like looking into a mirror. Her first words are still loud in my ear, and my own words asking her to come upstairs. I followed her thinking that Monet's flooded meadows with willows rising out of the mist would help us to get over the first five minutes. But her thoughts were too intent on her purpose for her to consider my pictures, and she sank into a chair and sat nervous and perturbed, looking at the pale roses and the purple architecture of the Aubusson carpet. I tried Chelsea china, but she admitted that she had never considered whether Bow was merely a rougher kind of Chelsea, and we did not get more than three minutes' conversation out of the harpsichord in the next room; Purcell's *Golden Sonata* was a failure, and I remembered how I had said to myself, "Let us try literature," and calling her attention to the original edition of "The Human Comedy" in the book-case I had taken down a volume.

"Your books," she said, "have meant more to me than any other writer."

To put her at her ease I asked her which work she preferred, expecting her to say "Evelyn Innes," but it was "Sister Teresa" that had awakened her interest in me, and with curiosity quickening every moment in my visitor I begged her to tell me her story, and learnt that she had decided to become a nun when she was eighteen, and had passed through the novitiate and taken the white veil before she discovered that she had no vocation for religion. It was difficult to bring her to speak of the convent, and lest I might annoy her by pursuing the subject too assiduously I contented myself with remarking that the greatest romance of all is when a man or woman says in early life, "I will abjure life; I will forswear it and put my faith in Heaven." An angry sourness in her voice announced that her hatred of the convent had deepened considerably since she left it, and to soften her temper, I added: "Or else

when after the novitiate, or after taking the vows, the nun or monk says, 'This life is not for me,' and crosses the threshold of the convent into the open air and walks into the fields and hearkens to the birds singing in the shaws." My little homily did not seem to interest as I had expected it would, she merely muttered that she hated to remember that two good years of her life had been wasted among nuns.

"We will speak of something else," I said; "but remember it was 'Sister Teresa' that you liked more than any other book."

I should have liked to verify my foreseeing through her, but she would not talk of the convent, and all I could gather was that she held it in detestation. So my imagination began at once to weave an intrigue with a priest, but rejecting this very simple hypothesis as unlikely, and clinging to the hope that a vague sense of sex had led her out of it, I reminded her that it had been said that God only gets the women that men do not want, to which aphorism she made but little answer; whereupon it became plain to me that my endeavour should be to produce inveigling talk, laying stress on the fact that our life can only be given to us for one thing—to live it; the first of our instincts is sex, therefore, for a woman to love a man and to sacrifice herself is her duty, just as a man's duty is to sacrifice himself for a woman. My efforts were rewarded, she seemed to welcome the turn the conversation was taking; her face became animated, she listened, pleased for a while, and then her face clouded, and shyly she confessed to me that she had been attracted to men since she had left the convent. She had even hinted at a love story; an ordinary one it seemed to be, she had discovered him to be unworthy in time.

"But I cannot speak of that. Why do you——"

It was necessary, I felt, to change the conversation, and the plains of Texas started up in my mind with endless cowboys scurrying for ever after wild cattle, and I besought her to tell me if she had ever whirled a lasso or enwound the hind legs of a heifer with a bolus. But the sum of her knowledge of Texas was Austin—a disappointing admission I felt it to be—having conceived Texas as plains with huts out of which men emerged to spring on horses and

fire revolvers. But instructed by my visitor, I learnt that Austin is a large town in which she and her two sisters, after finding themselves destitute, had started a store; "store" is American for shop, and they had dealt in general goods until they had made another fortune. Our talk suddenly became pleasant, and I learnt that my visitor's name was Honor and that she had two sisters; neither was endowed with any remarkable intelligence; one was a good saleswoman, but a bad buyer. Her second sister was a great trial; it was partly on account of her second sister that she had decided to leave the business; and there were other reasons. It was out of the money she had made in the store that she had come to Europe, for she did not want to spend her life piling up money in Austin. No. She wasn't married, and gave this as a reason: that once a woman decides to marry she must think of the children she may bring into the world. "The store," I dared to suggest as a career for the children that might come, a suggestion which seemed to displease her amazingly, and I heard her say that for a woman to throw herself into the arms of a man for her pleasure and bring children into the world, infirm in mind and body, was highly immoral. She admitted that she desired intellectual companionship; she could not love a stupid man, and in a primitive place like Texas, a woman who chose to have a child except in wedlock would be misunderstood. Nor had she seen a man in Texas worthy to be the father of her child. The child she desired was an exceptional child, a man of talent, a painter, a poet, a musician.

"A musician!" I cried, and we spoke of *The Ring*, but, despite my praise of it, she inclined more to literature than to music.

"Have you ever met a man of letters who——"

It is not unlikely that I never finished this sentence, if I did I have forgotten how it ended, but I remember well how strained and difficult the conversation became. We began to pick our words, myself asking timorously if a potential father for her son had ever formulated in her mind. She raised her eyes and then, like one speaking out of her deeper self, stirred a little by a sudden thought, a wind upon the water, she said:

"I have never thought of anybody definitely, only that

I would like to give Texas a literature; and when I read your books——"

"You thought of me?"

She had paid me the compliment of thinking of me as a possible father for her son, as a man who was likely to beget a son who would give a literature to Texas; and my curiosity now enkindled as it had never been before, and as it will never be again, I asked her how the idea of giving Texas a literature worthy of its name had come to her, and if her knowledge of me was purely literary acquired from reading my books.

"You didn't know, for instance, that my age might preclude the possibility——"

She answered quite simply that she had thought a great deal on that question before setting out for Europe, and then, speaking with still greater diffidence, I said:

"But you must have asked yourself if you would find a man in me whose appearance was not too distasteful, a distaste which you might not be able to overcome, despite the desire to render a great service to your country."

"I often thought of that on board the steamer."

Another question had to be put, the most delicate of all, and I said:

"Am I to understand that my appearance is not distasteful to you?"

"No, I don't think you distasteful."

At these words a certain imminence seemed to come into the room, and we sat silent, myself seeking for words with desperate eagerness and not finding any, for all seemed inadequate. To thank her for her good opinion of me could not do else than to exhibit me in a prosaic light. I must cross the room boldly and kiss her or plead a pressing engagement, a daring expedient and a vulgar one in ordinary circumstances, but our circumstances were not ordinary. "All things considered, it isn't likely that she will refuse," I said to myself, and it was in a hopeful mood that I rose out of my chair. But she rose out of hers at the same moment and lifting her face, which seemed young and beautiful (I say seemed, for she stood with her back to the light), she extended a frank and fearless hand.

"I must be going now. I'm afraid I have taken up a

great deal of your valuable time, and I thank you very cordially for having received me."

"But I hope I shall have the pleasure of receiving you again. I am engaged this evening, but I shall be pleased if you will come to dinner to-morrow night."

"I shall be delighted to dine with you."

And upon these words she passed gracefully and with dignity out of the room, leaving me asking myself whether the strange fortune that had befallen me were for good or evil. "She is an American, right enough," I answered. "But why did she make application to me rather than to Meredith, Swinburne, Yeats, Henry James, or Gosse? Gosse is the leading spirit of the English academy and his love for literature is pure and disinterested; he could not refuse to—— Something in my writings must have appealed to her. Not my style, nor the subjects I choose, but a certain pervading intimacy which I do not seek, but of which I am conscious. And that is why I was chosen instead of Gosse. A very strange and original episode, no doubt, one that a writer of tact would place in the fifteenth century, 1430, or thereabouts. Perhaps some hundreds of years further back. A story quite out of keeping with the genius of the twentieth century. It would be quite all right if the lady had sent me one of my books to write her name in; and quite all right if she had brought me the manuscript of a novel and begged me to advise her about the plot. She might have even gone further and come here with an idea for a play or a story and invited my collaboration. But to come here and invite my collaboration in—— A thought like hers rises high above the base conventionalities and the tawdry desires of the ordinary man and woman who merely seek gratifications pecuniary or sexual. We do not know the motive that prompted Bettina to go to Goethe. The nearest thing in literature to my own case is to be found in "The Confessions," when Madame de Warens takes Jean Jacques into the garden and confides to him that he has arrived at man's estate. She does not solicit his favours, but just proposes herself in amiable fashion, telling him that he need not hurry himself to come to a decision. She gives him eight days to consider it, and the few lines in which he describes the episode are perhaps the most truly original in litera-

ture. But the episode, so marvellously presented in "The Confessions," presents no analogy to my own case. Madame Warens is a widow, whereas Honor might be a virgin. If the unconventional errand she had come to Europe upon be not taken into account there was nothing to lead me to suppose she was not, and I had invited her to dine with me to-morrow. In the circumstances dinner meant. . . .

"Good Heavens!" I cried. "What have I not let myself in for? A woman whom I have never seen or heard of before, with whose appearance I am but imperfectly acquainted. She certainly struck me as young and attractive, but the morning was dark; there was some fog in the street, she wore a large hat, and sat all the time with her back to the light. True, it was I who had indicated that chair to her. . . . But why did she get up to go the moment I crossed the room? She must have guessed that I rose to kiss her. But, after all, if her desire to give a literature to her country be a real one she must know that a kiss is preliminary to the literature."

A hundred different decisions formed in my mind and melted into nothingness. A sudden need to see my agent, an attack of influenza, innumerable letters were composed; one was written, but it was not sent. And while all this mental torment was spending itself, I was sustained by my natural and inveterate desire of the strange, the odd, the bizarre. All my other love affairs were commonplace compared to this one, a literary love *par excellence*, to which the loves of Musset and George Sand were shallow and without perspective, love stories in two dimensions; whereas this is one in three, and if Texas is considered, in four. With such thoughts did I while away the hours that divided us, and as the hour approached, the pangs of hope grew tenser; a hundred times I asked myself if I had made myself clear; and I was about to send over to the Shelbourne to inquire, when she arrived, beautiful beyond my expectations. She was *la symphonie en blanc majeure en personne*. But as not one of Gautier's similes occurred to me on seeing her, I will not quote, but will try to recall instead the sensations that her snow-coloured forehead awakened in me, a forehead round and high, with pale gold curls about it, and a flush of the tenderest rose

breaking through the wondrous snow of her cheeks. Her eyes were the palest blue, yet it seemed to me that I had never seen blue eyes before, and during dinner I watched her snow-coloured hands lit with pink, almond-shapen nails while seeking to save the conversation from dropping, a difficult task, for Agnes hardly ever left the room. My visitor seemed to speak from the Alpine altitudes. Now and again a pleasant smile floated over her wonderful face, and her remarks, though simple, were never trivial or silly. "A little unbending," I said to myself, and began to doubt the evidence of my ears. Seeing her eating and talking to me so calmly, it seemed impossible to believe that yesterday she had asked me to enable her to give a literature to Texas. It would be too much to hope that she would undertake the good office of breaking the ice herself and, feeling myself deplorably unequal to the task, I followed her upstairs. It seemed impossible to believe that she would ever submit herself to human love. She seemed so much beyond and above it. Perhaps she was ignorant of human love and believed that a child could be produced by spells and incantations? The five minutes in the drawing-room before Agnes brought up the coffee were an agony, and when she did bring it up she took an incredible time to hand it round. At last the door closed behind her. A dryness came into my throat. It seemed to me that I could never think of anything to say again. The floor seemed to slide beneath my feet when I tried to walk across the room, and several times I changed my chair. My eyes were all the time fixed on the beautiful white forehead. After all, it could not shock her—offend her too utterly and absolutely—if I were to lean over and kiss her on the point of her shoulder. That was how she would like me to break the ice; but instead of kissing her immaculate forehead, I stood by her talking of the pictures in which I had seen her face.

"There is Bronzino."

She raised her seraphic eyes to mine and my talk died in my throat. But fortunately my hand dropped on her knee. She withdrew her knee instantly, and I seemed to myself an incredible ruffian and was about to apologise for my hand when her look changed.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "for withdrawing my

knee. There it is. I don't want you to think me a little fool."

Well, the dread moment was over and passed, and she seemed to become suddenly interpenetrated with a wonderful tenderness, not love, as we use the word, but some deep feeling of union and sense of destiny and duty seemed to animate her—a feeling easier to attribute to a Hindoo than to a northern woman. A white bird come from regions of everlasting snow she seemed to me the next night when she knelt in my black satin armchair, her face leaned against the back, her pale golden hair drawn up into a knot and fastened with a large tortoise-shell comb, polished so highly that I could see myself in it as I bent over and raised up her face.

Manet's white is the rarest, he alone can endow the breast blossom with a pink that shames a peony, but Manet's white is mundane, and Honor's whiteness always seemed benedictive and immortal. Bronzino's *Venus* is whiter than sea-foam, but she is vain and frivolous. Francesca attained to a saintly whiteness, and as we walked through the breathless September night to her hotel she became intimately associated in my mind with the genius of that painter.

"You'll allow me to come to see you again?" she said, stopping at the corner of the Green.

"But why do you ask? Is it because you doubt, or have you not been well received?"

"I'll not pretend that the evenings I spend with you are not agreeable, and you will forgive me if my thoughts are always a little ahead."

"But Honor, literature was but a pretext in enchanting fantasy."—"Besides, I must not interrupt your work."

Her seriousness perplexed me, and looking back on the episode after many years it does not seem to me that I met her more than seven or eight times during the six weeks she spent in Dublin, ten times at the most. Once there was an interval of a week and, alarmed, I sent round to the Shelbourne to inquire, receiving in reply a gracious note that she would be glad to dine with me. Once, and only once, did I persuade her to go for a walk. She wished to see the Dublin mountains, and we went out Rathfarnham way and wandered about

the banks of the Dodder river and returned home talking of the old farmhouse we had seen built out of great cut-stone some two hundred and fifty years ago. She stayed later that evening than was her wont, and it was then that I perceived that, however much I might strain her in my arms, we were apart. Something wider than the Atlantic divided us. Only once, when she came to bid me good-bye, did she seem to descend into the area of human feelings.

"I am sorry to leave you, for you have been throughout very kind, the very man that I had expected from your books."

"But it is not true that you are leaving me?" And, frightened by her calm eyes, I added: "It is not true that I shall never kiss these snow-coloured hands again."

"There is no reason why you should kiss them now," she answered, withdrawing her hands. "Why make this parting more difficult? Why force me to speak words that hurt me to speak? The end for which we met is accomplished."

"All the more reason that I should insist on retaining you."

"You wouldn't have me sacrifice the mission that brought me here for the emotion of a moment."

"Of a moment!"

"You're not sure that you will think to-morrow as you do to-day. Even so, it is certain that sooner or later you will think differently? If you had not known how to sacrifice certain emotional moments so that you might follow this path that Fate had traced for you, I should not be here to-day. You would have me believe that it would be as well if I had never come? But I know you are merely trying to think that you are sorry you ever saw me, and that I have blighted your life. You will return to your writing to-morrow. You love it better than you can ever love me and your heart would fail you if I were to throw aside my furs and say: 'I'll stay.' You would despise me. Yes, yes, I should become in your eyes the mere traditional woman without a mission, career or destination."

It seems to me that I remember her speech perfectly, and her smooth musical voice still haunts in my ears when the room is lighted by firelight and lamp.

"The seed must never know whence it came," she said. "We must both sacrifice something for our child. I am sacrificing the common respect of society in Texas, and you must forgo all knowledge of your boy. Your name has been too intimately associated with art and literature. Swear."

"I swear," and we spent our last evening crooning names over the fire in Ely Place, for it was necessary to discover a name that would go with Honor's surname. At last one flamed up in my mind—a name more likely to inspire painting than poetry.

"But how do you know our child will be a boy?"

Always sure of herself, she smiled and went away, and this letter announcing his birth is all I have. Were it not for this letter her visit might have been a dream of yesternight.

"And now I'll doze an hour in this comfortable arm-chair and dream that I am on my way to Texas to seek out Honor and her boy."

The Meaning of Pain

By Edward Carpenter

PAIN, in some form or other, whether physical or mental, bulks so largely in our mortal life, that a thousand times we are compelled to challenge it, and ask its why and wherefore. And still it eludes us, and its meaning, like that of evil generally, remains a mystery. Yet, after all, it does not seem impossible that one day, turning a certain corner in the path of Evolution, we shall come upon the solution of this double enigma, and see it quite clearly lying below us, with all its exits and entrances plain—as one might look down on a labyrinth-garden from the hillside above.

From a physiological point of view, Pain, physical pain, has an obvious protective value. However the sense of pain may have originated, it is clear that without this defence we should be continually committing the most fatal blunders; that we should burn our hands, cut our feet, bruise our heads; and our organisms would stumble forward to their own ruin. Pain is a warning finger held out, and one which compels our attention. And this protective quality is well indicated by the fact that it is the nerve-ends in the *skin* which chiefly convey the sense. They are the sentinels around the camp. Pass them, and possibly no further warning at all will be given. You may run a pin up to its head in the fleshy muscles, and after the first prick of its entry no pain at all will be felt. It is assumed that when the skin is sensitive, the interior is comparatively safe, and therefore the danger signals may be dispensed with.

Thus protection is one obvious answer to the enigma of physical pain. Yet it is clear also that it does not afford a complete answer. Either the protective action is not perfectly developed and is only in course of gradual evolution, or pain has other meanings and uses which partly veil its protective action. There are bad diseases and lesions which are nearly or quite painless, and there are

slight and comparatively harmless maladies, like toothache, which are very painful; some poisons are excruciating in their action, while others, equally fatal, are insidious and bland; and death itself may be a physical agony or a peaceful slumber. The exact correlation of pain with the protection or preservation of the organism does not anyhow seem quite clear.

Yet if we cannot state the case at present very strictly and definitely we can still approach the problem from different sides. And there is one consideration worth dwelling on here, which associates pain with Protection—namely, the fact that the same kind of nerve-excitation is often pleasurable in mild degree while it is painful in intense degree. A mild light is pleasant, an intense glare very unpleasant; warmth is agreeable, extreme heat very disagreeable. To be *cool* has an inviting sound, to be *cold* quite the opposite. Any mild excitation of the skin —like rubbing or patting—is pleasant. In the Russian steam-baths the villagers increase their enjoyment by striking each other lightly with birch rods; but in the prisons the same application intensified becomes a veritable torture. These things are almost a commonplace; but they suggest to us that there is a certain *continuousness* between pleasure and pain, and that the pleasantness or painfulness of a sensation depends not always so much on its quality as on the degree of its intensity. They suggest a definite relation between sensation and the general vitality and health of the organism; for a moderate excitation of the latter is, of course, stimulating and healthful, and so defines itself in the mind as pleasurable, while an extreme excitation, being necessarily destructive or dangerous, defines itself as painful. In this way the sense of pain is protective; and in a quite general way—and as merely a first approximation to the subject—it may be said that physical experiences which are beneficial to the organism provide, on the whole, a pleasurable reaction, while those which are harmful generate a sense of pain.

The same continuousness and the same relations to degree of mildness or intensity may be noticed with regard to emotions or psychic experiences, as with regard to sensations or physical experiences. Emotion in moderate degree is decidedly stimulating and health-giving to the

organism, and is felt as a pleasure. Music and the drama illustrate this. Some people fairly indulge in emotions and become sentimentalists. But there is a limit. Beyond a certain degree of intensity the same feelings grow painful. Sentiment passes over into tragedy. The violence of the emotion becomes disturbing. It threatens to wreck the mind. Music calls up tears and often leaves us hanging in the balance between pain and pleasure. Excessive joy causes violent weeping. Even convulsive laughter may be agonising—that is, the very excess of pleasure may be pain.

This fact of the continuousness between pain and pleasure is probably the explanation of one rather common but depressing feature in human character—the love of cruelty. Torture inflicted is to the sufferer torture, pure and simple. And where there is great sympathy present, even to witness the torture of another may be nearly or quite as bad as to endure it oneself. But in savages and other unformed persons, where sympathy is slight, the torture of another may figure as a pleasure—the reverberation in the spectator of witnessing the suffering being not more than just enough to rouse a pleasant excitement. The pain of the sufferer does not transfer itself to the savage's mind with sufficient intensity to cause *him* pain, but only with that degree of mildness which is agreeable. From this point of view we see that cruelty is not quite so unmitigated a wickedness as we are inclined to imagine. It marks a beginning of sympathy! Animals (with perhaps some few exceptions) are not capable of cruelty. They inflict pain, in a kind of unconscious way, but it affords them no pleasure to do so; the sufferings of the dove do not probably in themselves affect the hawk, either one way or the other. But boys undoubtedly take pleasure in persecuting other boys, or animals—and this just because their sympathy is sufficiently developed for them to feel the reverberation of the suffering inflicted, and for them to experience a mild excitement in witnessing it.

So far good. Yet considerably more remains to be said. For while it is true that a mild excitement of the senses or feelings in almost any direction is pleasant, and a violent or excessive excitement is painful—and that in this way pain protects the organism from dangerous dis-

turbance or dislocation; yet it is also true that one can sometimes pass, with increasing intensity of the excitement, from pleasure to pain, and then through that pain to pleasure again. The effect of strong drink is sometimes of this character. It begins with an agreeable excitement of the sense of taste, but with increased stimulation a painful impression of *distaste* is often produced. If, however, the stimulation is persevered in a new pleasure, that of *intoxication* arises, which veils the former pain. In much of Arabic and Oriental music the performance begins with a pleasant phrase which gratifies the ear. But the phrase is repeated and repeated, *ad nauseam*, until the listener longs for it to cease. He hates, but is obliged to hear it; and then presently the pain of it fades away, and a strange mesmeric and ecstatic swoon takes its place. We have spoken of warmth being pleasant and heat painful, but what are we to say of Christian and other martyrs who have welcomed the flames and bathed their arms and their bodies in them with joy? Or of St. Maria Maddalena dei Pazzi, who positively besought her prioress and the other sisters to chastise her ever more severely, in order that in the midst of the fierce pain she might the more enjoy and lose herself in the love of Jesus?*

It will doubtless be said that these are abnormal cases, and that nothing can be proved from them; also that to call this third state, which succeeds pain—even if it can be shown to exist—a *pleasure*, is a misnomer, since it is obviously quite different in quality from ordinary pleasure.

Let us dwell for a moment on these objections. I think there is a certain amount of truth in the last mentioned. The pleasure at which the organism arrives *through* pain *is* different from the pleasure which is antecedent to pain—sometimes so much so that it demands a different word—some word like "joy," "ecstasy," "rapture," "delirium," "mania"—to properly describe it. And we should naturally expect it to be so. It would hardly seem likely that with a steadily rising stimulation there would be a passage from pleasure to pain, and then *back again* to a pleasure of the same kind as the first; and, of course, as a matter of fact, we do not find this happening. Sensual pleasures, like those of drink or sex, often have an intermediate stage

* *Vita* by Puccini, Florence, 1639.

involving some degree of pain and discomfort, but they do not return to a similar sensual pleasure; they rise through pain into a satisfaction of a different kind—no longer local, but rather an intoxication of the whole organism; they ultimate in some kind of joy belonging to another plane. Bearing this in mind, the instances given above fall into line. They are seen to be by no means abnormal, but rather the expression of a great and widely valid law.

For, indeed, is it not a most common, and one may say normal thing, to find that painful experiences, when faced with energy and resolution, yield a joy of their own—sometimes so great that the sense of pain is lost in the new condition? The soldier in the madness of battle loses sense and consciousness of his wounds; the very nerve-agony of these, in fact, is transmuted into a tremendous and triumphant exultation. Read the description of a boat race in Masefield's poem, *Biography*, and you will realise that in the midst of agonising and almost fatal exhaustion there may be huge delight. And in the same poem he continues:

> "Other bright days of action have seemed great . . .
> And days of labour also, loading, hauling;
> Long days at winch or capstan, heaving, pawling;
> The days with oxen, dragging stone from blasting,
> And dusty days in mills, and hot days masting . . .
> Delights of work most real, delights that change
> The headache life of towns to rapture strange
> Not known by townsmen, nor imagined; health
> That puts new glory upon mental wealth
> And makes the poor man rich."

Thus, whether it be in boat race or foot race or in Alpine climb, or in simply and literally putting your shoulder to the wheel in order to get a common cart out of the common mud, it is easy to recognise that in the very effort itself there is born a new pleasure—a pleasure of conquest, of endurance, of undefeated Will, of conscious Health and Power—whatever you may call it, which supersedes and veils the pain out of which it came: or, one may almost say, finds its expression in that pain. If these instances are commonplace, they are all the more convincing for that reason; and they indicate that the case of the martyr who bathes his hands in the flame, is not really abnormal, but only a salient instance of something quite usual and in the order of nature.

It seems possible that (at any rate, in many cases) an

excitement strong enough to be painful has the effect of wakening an *underplane* of consciousness which before had been dormant. The wakening of this underplane—according to the law that a mild excitement is agreeable—causes pleasure in that plane. Thus, pain on one plane may easily be accompanied by pleasure on another plane; the pain and pleasure may co-exist side by side; and though their qualities and characters may be very different, yet the one may be necessary for the birth of the other. In the case of the Christian martyr the underplane of the religious consciousness is probably wakened, and the sufferer enters quite suddenly into another world of experience—a "Heaven" of which he had known only the faintest intimations before. In the case of the soldier, the very pain and fury of the battle excite and throw up into relief the ancient and wild enthusiasm of cause and country, long, perhaps, dormant within him; and swept on this tide of feeling he forgets his wounds. The strenuous worker and the athlete discover in their labours a joy and pride of organic Health and Conquest, which discount the physical sense of distress. The degree in which these respective pains and joys are mixed may vary, but in every case the new joy and transcendent thrill are defined and brought into consciousness by the very suffering out of which they are born—the pain is the material from which the new pleasure is made.

That there are such underplanes of emotion dormant in all of us, and that their awakening into activity may be signalised by strange sensations of mingled bitter and sweet is clear enough. We have spoken already of Music. Why, reading of some heroic action, do tears spring to the eyes? or, in some passage of oratory, when the wings of the great world-movement are felt vibrating over the heads of the crowd, does the voice of the speaker break and refuse its office? This emotion surging up from below, is it Pain or Pleasure? Perhaps both, perhaps not exactly either, but something belonging to a deeper region of life and experience.

We talk of "growing pains" in youth, in the human body. What the exact physiological explanation of these may be I do not know. But certainly there are growing pains—particularly in youth or early manhood and womanhood—in the human *mind*. There are periods when the

mind is forced to leave its old concatenations and connections and form new ones, and these periods, whether in the severance of the old or the formation of the new, must be expected to be painful and full of discomfort. Probably something of the same kind takes place in the body. With the unequal growth of bones and muscles and other organs, disharmonies arise, muscles are inordinately stretched, growing organs press painfully against their sheathing walls; new adjustments have to be made, and the intermediate period of non-adjustment necessarily means suffering.

Thus, pain in the body is not only protective, but it occurs at times as an indication of growth. Whether pain in the mind also is commonly protective I do not know. I suppose in the form of Fear it sometimes has this function—and, undoubtedly, fear in certain stages of human evolution *is* a great mental pain. But that pain in the mind is often an indication and accompaniment of mental *growth* is fairly obvious. The severance of old concatenations and attachments, and the forming of new ones, the readjustment of the mind to new conditions of life, new people, new ideas, are all, as a rule, painful and laborious things; yet they all, as a rule, mean growth. They mean the inclusion of new elements, a wider outlook, a more varied branching out of the mental organism. To contend, however, that mental pain *always* indicates mental growth would be decidedly rash, and—at the present stage of the argument—premature. There seem to be some inward sufferings—losses and severances apparently uncompensated by gains—which are of a negative character, and leave the mind shrivelled and wasted, and less open to enlargement than before. To this phase, however, of the subject we must return.

With regard to physical pain, we can see from what has already been said that besides having a protective function and being an indication of physical growth, it may actually be a *cause* of mental or psychic growth. For if physical pain in certain cases wakes a pleasurable reaction in some deeper regions of consciousness, this is clearly because it is rousing those deeper regions, formerly slumbering, into life and activity. That means that these hidden and buried layers or tracts are beginning to grow and manifest them-

selves. It may have been some dim consciousness or instinct of this truth which has led the primitive Nature-tribes in all times and places to insist so much on the institution of pain-ordeals for their young warriors. They had a dim presentiment that these things meant the evolution in the tribe of powers beyond the physical—Courage, Endurance, Sympathy, Magnanimity, the Communal sense, and so forth. The Savage, on his way to become the complete man, does, no doubt, learn through pain and its conquest a whole range of new emotions and capacities. We know, of course, that a rather insane and ill-balanced worship of mere pain has obtained through the centuries, not only among savage tribes, but in connection with the great religions of the East, and with the Christian and Puritan traditions of the West. We certainly do not want to glorify a worship of this kind; but the perception of the follies and fatuities which have attended it need not blind us to the element of truth which it represents. And as far as the fact goes that many of the pains from which we all suffer are not things of our own choice, but are forced upon us by accident or illness, we may derive some kind of satisfaction from the knowledge that there is, in general, a compensation of the sort indicated.

Havelock Ellis, in his study of *Love and Pain*,* alludes to the well-known influence of pain in stimulating the amatory feelings. There are people (so-called "Masochists") who derive amatory excitement from being subjected to severities; there are others ("Sadists") who are excited in the same way by *inflicting* cruelty, or witnessing its infliction upon others; and there are some again who are excited in both ways. These curious reactions may be traced in part to the ramifications of the pubic nerve, which, on the one hand, is connected with the sex-organs and, on the other, through the lower part of the spine, with the sensory nerves of the skin in that region Pain, even acute pain, inflicted on these latter, by violently stimulating the sex-feeling, may occasion extreme pleasure. And this seems to be a part-explanation of the strange phenomena of the ecstasies of saints, like Maria Maddalena abovementioned, of the manias of religious and judiciary flagellation which have spread from time to time among the mobs

* See *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, F. A. Davis, Philadelphia.

of various countries, of the orgies of combined lust and cruelty which have stained the records of Eastern despots and Western inquisitions, and of many other and lesser things. The whole subject is a weird and complex one, and roots far back into the primal elements of our being—amid the sensual passions of barbaric man, and the fury and bloodshed of wild beasts fighting with each other in the jungle for possession of their mates. But from the mud springs the water-lily, and out of these dark places humanity has grown.

Ellis points out that pain has not only—through local physiological links—been connected with lust, and been in some sense a generator of lust; but that it has also played its part in the evolution of Love. Pain, he says, has been the most obvious generator of the emotions. Anger and Fear, two of the most powerful feelings in primitive man and in the higher animals, are roused to an extreme degree by Pain. Once roused, they draw a whole crowd of other emotions after them—jealousy, hatred, mother-love, sex-love, and so forth—and the whole psychic content of the animal or man is set in operation. The development and psychic growth of the race follows accordingly:—"Every animal in some degree owes its survival to the emotional reaction of anger against weaker rivals, to the emotional reaction of fear against stronger rivals. To this cause we owe it that these two emotions are so powerfully rooted in the whole zoological series to which we belong. But anger and fear are not less fundamental in the sexual life. Courtship on the male's part is largely a display of combativity, and even the very gestures by which the male seeks to appeal to the female are often those gestures of angry hostility by which he seeks to intimidate enemies. On the female's part courtship is a skilful manipulation of her own fears, and as we have seen when studying the phenomena of Modesty, that fundamental attitude of the female in courtship is nothing but an agglomeration of fears."* Thus Pain, stimulating Anger and Fear, has led to the rousing of the whole gamut of the emotions, and so ultimately to the evolution of emotional love and the growth of the race to a plane beyond that of the merely sensual and physical. It should not, of course, be forgotten that Pleasure too has

* H. Ellis, *Psychology of Sex*, "Love and Pain."

had a like action; but even so we cannot help thinking that its action has been of a milder character, and that pain, after all, has been the keener and more effective stimulus of the two.

The thesis put forward in the above pages, that what is pain at one level of our consciousness is actually Pleasure at another and deeper level may have far-reaching and important application, and, at any rate, is worth thinking about. Music—here as in so many other cases—seems to throw light on the subject. The early musicians found pleasure in pure harmonies, but to them the simplest discords were painful. They could not bear them. We, with more practised ears and a deeper emotional understanding, recognise the jarring or painful element in a discord, but perceiving its relations in the whole and its coming resolution derive an exquisite pleasure from that very pain. The advance of Music is very much a case of the inner Psyche gradually learning to interpret and delight in the pains and perplexities of the outer sense (of hearing). When Beethoven came his contemporaries could only stop their ears at his 'barbaric harmonies.' Now we find his discords pleasing, and discover an excruciating joy in far more complex jangles. And talking of Beethoven, the whole passage from simple pleasure to pain, and then through pain to a wider range of delight again, is singularly illustrated—as has more than once been pointed out* —by the development of his themes and treatment in passing from his early compositions, through the middle period, to his later work. The serene joy and beauty of some of these last compositions, with their sense of pain passed through and overpast, are beyond all praise, and constitute them, one may say, a message of redemption and deliverance to humanity.

It would almost seem, considering all this that has been said, that one ought to regard the human being as composed of layers, many perhaps, one within the other—something like the 'shells' described by the Theosophists, or let us say (to avoid being too serious) like the sheaths of an onion. Then one can imagine that an agitation, say of warmth and light—as in the case of an onion—reaching

* See *Angels' Wings*, by E. Carpenter, Ch. VIII.

the first and outer sheath, might produce a reaction there which would be felt as pleasure. But after a time the agitation increasing would begin to be too strong and, tending to disintegrate and damage the sheath, would be felt as pain. With the continuation of the process, however, the agitation would penetrate through and reach the *second* sheath, where it would be felt as pleasure again. The first sheath would begin to wither, and the second sheath would begin to grow. The first sheath would be a receptacle of pain, and the second sheath a receptacle of pleasure. And these sensations might be simultaneous; nevertheless, the pleasure in the second sheath would not be quite of the same *kind* as the original pleasure in the first, because, in fact, the sheaths themselves are different. And so the process might go on from sheath to sheath even to the very centre of Life. The whole process is one of growth. At each stage there is pain and the separation and rejection of a husk, and at each stage there is pleasure, and the awakening of a new and more central life.

It would almost seem as if one might speak of the human being as consisting of Life behind Life in a far-reaching series—the actual 'body' at any stage being only the veil behind which the next manifestation moves:—

"Ever breaking out behind the actual, some unknown force or being,
Throwing the whilom body off like a husk, with its former capacities and needs,
Creating new joys, fiercer wilder than those of old."*

The Eastern teachers, in dealing with the subject of internal and spiritual growth, often used the simile of a nut. The nut, they say, at an early period of its formation, is a continuous, green, milky knob showing little internal differentiation. Cut a young hazel nut through with your knife, and there is no distinction to speak of between the kernel or true seed and the outer shell or husk. The one runs continuously into the other. So in immature persons the 'soul' is continuous and more or less confused with the 'body.' But a time comes when the nut-kernel severs itself from the shell and moves freely about within it. The shell is broken and the kernel becomes the seed of a new plant. A time comes when the inner man recognises himself as

* *Towards Democracy*, p. 484; also pp. 487, 493, &c.

distinct from his outer frame, and sees with composure his body fade—conscious that within and deep in himself is the seed of a new life, or of many new lives. We may well imagine that the withdrawal and separation, fibre by fibre, of the nut-kernel from the husk is in its way a painful process; and we practically know that the process by which the inner man comes to realise his distinction from the body and is gradually parted from his blind attachment to the sense-organs of the latter, is painful. "Freed must the Psyche be from the pupa, and pain is there to free it." Pain here is both an effect and a cause. It is an effect, because, as we should naturally expect, the severance of attachments is inevitably painful. It is a cause, because pain, whether physical or mental, does inevitably in time cause a turning away from the object which generates it, or is associated with it, and so in time causes a severance of attachment. After a long spell of toothache the attachment to that particular tooth is severed, and one is ready to lose the fang with composure!

It often seems extremely hard on people that they should suffer, as they do in cases, considerable pain over a long series of years, and in a seemingly useless way. In such cases, the pain can hardly be said to be protective, it seems to yield no reaction of pleasure in the way of work done or energy stimulated, nor is it borne with satisfaction because helpful to someone else; it seems to be purely negative and wasteful. The subject is a puzzling one, and a good deal of sentimental stuff has been talked in connection with it—about the "chastenings" of an Allwise Providence, or the "virtues" of resignation and patience. Certainly, as often as not, the 'chastenings' seem to have no very desirable result, in the production of a fine type of character, and the 'virtues' might apparently just as well be called 'vices.' It may be, however, that out of this seeming *impasse* the human soul—which ultimately overcomes all obstacles—*is* destined to find its way. Faced by the problem of useless pain—of pain pure and simple, unrelieved apparently by any compensation of pleasure or profit—it may be that the soul is destined to learn the art of passing it by, of ignoring it, of leaving pain lying and travelling beyond. Such an art has been known and studied in the past, and will be better known and more com-

pletely mastered in the future. The old Vedic sages spoke of "severing the connection of pain"; they taught a method by which the mind could, at Will, be so far severed from the senses that the painful affections of the latter could, if need arose, be barred from reaching the mind. Such a power, such a faculty, undoubtedly exists—though naturally it is not easy of attainment. Obviously also, as long as the protective action of pain and its function of stimulating mental and moral growth were needed, the faculty would not be *desirable* of attainment. But when the protective and educative uses were ended, then the power to lay aside pain and have finally done with it would be perfectly in order, and indeed inevitable, as the next stage of evolution—the stage, in fact, of the completed Man.

That the "severance of the connection of pain" is not a mere theological doctrine of early Indian religionists, or an idle dream of some modern thinkers, is sufficiently indicated by the biological facts revealed by modern science. For it is now well known that the nerve-agitations which reach the sensory tracts of the brain from the skin or outer sense-organs are not conveyed along a single nerve, continuous from one extremity to the other, but rather along a concatenation of short nerve-structures—each nerve-structure (or *neuron*) being quite independent of the next, and consisting of a slender trunk terminating at each extremity in a pencil of radiating fibres, like the roots or branches of a tree. Under active conditions the fibres of one *neuron* reach out and more or less interlace with—without actually joining—the fibres of the next adjacent *neuron*, and thus the nerve-impulse is carried forward; but under other conditions—as in sleep, or paralysis, or under the influence of shock, or of anæsthetics, or of continued mental abstraction—these fibres apparently withdraw from contact with their next neighbours in the series, the *neuron* isolates itself in a curious, semi-intelligent way, the connection is broken, and the nerve-impulse ceases to travel. It is obvious that in order to sever the connection of pain it is only necessary to obtain the power of causing the nerve-ends to thus withdraw themselves; and since automatically this happens every day—as in sleep or reverie, when sounds or other disturbances reach the senses, but do not reach the mind—there is nothing very wonderful

in our learning, with due practice, to effect this isolation for ourselves whenever we will to do so. With the discovery and exercise of this faculty Man will pass into a region of liberation and power little dreamed of or realised to-day.

There remain a few words to say about the connection of pain with Love. We have already pointed out that from the far past of the animals and early man lust comes down to us deeply entangled with pain—and even to-day the association between the two is strangely close. How often do wounds and actual bodily cruelty go with physical passion! Yet the strange thing is that pain is also so closely associated with the passion of the soul. Notwithstanding the extraordinary joy and ecstasy of successful love, a profound agony generally accompanies it. (Perhaps this is a case of the mingled pleasure and pain which ever accompanies a new birth of the soul.) And of *un*successful love the pain is shattering and deadly. It almost seems as if the soul in the act of reaching or endeavouring to reach and unite itself with another soul is scorched and burnt by the contact. So intense is the psychic chemistry following on any degree of fusion that the whole soul-organism is penetrated and torn; its very elements are re-formed and re-arranged.* And this reformation, this re-arrangement, this fierce effort of adaptation, is necessarily convulsing and painful—whatever joy may accompany it. Thus, pain is a necessary part of love. And there is a general consensus of feeling that this is so—that love which does not involve sacrifice or suffering is somehow not the genuine article. James Hinton, in his *Mystery of Pain*, speaks of the joy of bearing pain for the sake of others, and suggests that we may one day solve the riddle of existence by coming to the belief that all our agonisings—even the most seemingly useless—are somehow necessary to the welfare of others:—

> "That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain."

This is high ground to take, and difficult of attainment; moreover, its validity, though hoped for, is by no means

* See *The Drama of Love and Death*, pp. 39, 45, 54, &c.

proven. It certainly is a joy to bear pain for our friends; but with regard to Hinton's suggestion it would, perhaps, be safer to say that in love we welcome pain and sacrifice, not so much because we are certain that our sufferings benefit the loved one (for as often as not they don't!), as because they form an assurance (to ourselves) that our love is a reality. The ring of flame is the evidence that Brynhilde is there; to face the fiery circle is our glad prerogative; and it is the pain of overpassing it which wakes in the soul the slumbering form of beauty and joy within.

Thus again we come round to the central thesis of this paper, namely, that step by step, and layer after layer, the soul unfolds, like a flower unfolding out of its husks, and that the pains and strivings of one envelope wake the joys and powers of the next. What a vista of infinite possibilities! As the friend who kindly asked me to write this paper said: "if irritations of the Optic Nerve result in the wonder of *sight*, what greater wonders may result from the various forms of physical pain?"

Democracy and Art

By L. March Phillipps

In a recent article I endeavoured to point out and describe the chief characteristic of modern art as it appears to me, the fact, namely, that it is an art cut off and separated from life. I pointed out, too, in what respects both art and life have suffered from this divorce—how art has assumed in all its manifestations that curious air of affectation which belongs to an artificial culture and which has taken the place of the unconscious and robust vitality which used to belong to it, and how life, lacking altogether the incentive of creative pleasure in its work, has grown more and more sordid and mean and dull and discontented. That these conclusions are matters of fact I believe no disinterested critic who compares the present age with an age of creative health and energy will deny.

But also I said—leaving the point for future and further discussion—that there existed in the present a hope of better things for the future, because, in times like these, when art and life are at loggerheads, the reason almost always is that life itself is undergoing certain revolutionary changes, and while this is the case and social ideals are in a state of flux and uncertainty, it must naturally ensue that no coherent message of any kind can be transmitted from life to art. Life cannot in such crises use art to any purpose, for it does not yet know its own mind. How essentially true it is that art is an expression of life may, indeed, be seen from the fact that directly life ceases to inform it art promptly subsides into incoherent babbling or the ponderous heroics of some academic affectation.

These moments are, however, for the critic most interesting, for they are especially formed to test his capacity and knowledge of his business. If he be really astute he will not at such moments bother his head much over the experiments and vagaries actually taking place in art.

These he will leave to be dealt with by a body of practitioners whose taste is formed on modern art and who are able, therefore, to assume that that art is just as important as if it were the product of a creative epoch. His own gaze will be fixed upon life, for well he knows that the informing impulse which alone can inspire a renovated art must come from life, and, therefore, must show itself in life before it can take effect upon art. Let us endeavour to follow this method here, and in order that we may do so more effectively, let us glance back a moment at the general course of life and art in the past.

There have been two great creative movements in the art of this country, each lasting about four hundred years. One began approximately in 1150 and lasted to 1550; the other starting about 1550 has lasted down to our own time, but is now evidently approaching its end. Of these two great movements the first was essentially democratic in character, the second essentially aristocratic. That, I think, will be accepted. Everyone feels the strong, popular interest, and participation of every broad and commonplace impulse, whether of humour and fun, or faith, credulity and aspiration, which belong to Gothic art, just as everyone feels the very delicate sense of breeding which belongs to the various phases of Renaissance art in England, especially to its most consistent and central phase, the Georgian. At the present moment the aristocratic ideal is on the decline and the democratic ideal once more in the ascendant. It is, if life is ever to count for anything in art again, more and more to the democratic inspiration that we shall have to look in the future. But we are not to suppose that the mediæval epoch will ever repeat itself. There is an essential difference, and one which will manifest itself in all modes of expression, artistic and literary, between mediæval and modern Democracy. The spirit of English liberty, in which the inspiration of mediæval art consisted, was in its origin sporadic. It did not develop on the national scale, or in the form of a national entity. Down probably to the Tudor age the national consciousness of Englishmen was comparatively weak and unformed, while the corporate life of individual townships was full of vigour. The national Parliament, supine and servile, hustled and browbeaten by monarchs

and their favourites and totally lacking the accent of authority which arises from representing the popular will, stands in remarkable contrast to the governing corporations and guilds of cities with their strong spirit of independence and indomitable insistence on their liberties and charters. Mediæval England was a mosaic of separate particles, in each one of which the spirit of citizenship and self-government burnt brightly. The burghers of York, Salisbury, Norwich, and Exeter were patriotic each for their own city, but scarcely conscious of any mutual bond. They aspired to control their own affairs, and their own affairs were the affairs of the city, not of the nation.

It is important to consider this character of mediæval society, for it was on this that mediæval art was based. Nothing emerges out of these centuries in the way of art that was on the national in contrast to the local scale. Our habit of thinking of Gothic art as a national art and of our Gothic cathedrals as great national structures is, in some respects, misleading. Gothic art is national in the sense that it is of native origin, but not national in the sense of representing a consciously national sentiment. Animated though they all were by similar motives and ideals the communes and boroughs of Northern Europe acted independently of each other. Each worked out its own salvation. Each vindicated its own right to freedom, and each, by and for itself, embodied its aspirations in its own works of art. The magnitude of those works—for it must be remembered that not only was a Gothic cathedral an architectural undertaking of the first magnitude, but also that it contained and was enriched by every form of fine craftsmanship, such as glass staining, sculpture, painting, weaving, bookbinding and illumination, embroidery, precious metal and ironwork, and all other kinds of creative labour, being, in fact, a treasure house or great museum of living art rather than simply a triumph of architecture—the magnitude of such a work rightly appreciated conveys a more vivid and imposing idea of the pride in itself of each English city than any other kind of evidence. In fact, every English city in mediæval days was an Athens; a somewhat rude and barbaric Athens it may be, but an Athens for all that in its proud self-consciousness and lofty determination to live its own life.

Such was the foundation on life on which Gothic art subsisted. English liberties, writes Green, were brought safe through the turmoil of that age by the English towns. Our Gothic cathedrals were the arks in which they were conveyed.

In passing to the inauguration of the aristocratic era I shall not attempt to trace a transition which for adequate treatment would involve a long and anxious analysis, but whoever glances even cursorily at the England of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries will be aware of a marked social change in the conditions of the country. Local patriotism, at the latter date, has definitely declined, that sense of individual vitality in each particular city which is the keynote of mediæval life is abated, the guilds in which the spirit of mediæval independence is so remarkably embodied and which are so imbued with the idea of collective defence that they may be said to assert the idea of cities before their walls were built, are fast disintegrating. On the other hand, as the lesser organisms crumble and collapse, there looms in the background a larger structural formation into which they appear to be dissolving. It is, perhaps, during the age of Elizabeth that we are first tempted to speak of the English as "a people." The seventeenth century, as it happens, put the national sentiments to tests which revealed, indeed, the existence of that sentiment, but revealed also its weakness and insufficiency as a basis of government.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that for a community to rise in revolt against a system of arbitrary oppression, though it may constitute a protest against tyranny, is a very incomplete vindication of the idea of liberty. To enforce and practise liberty, and especially to enforce and practise liberty not on a local but on a national scale, needs a capacity for intelligent co-operation involving very considerable powers of thinking and reasoning. To crush a tyrant is one thing, to practise self-government is another. It may be, and often has been, argued that the country's attitude towards the Stuart oppression, its collective action and the organisation of a citizen army under parliamentary guidance were indications of a high national spirit. But who gained by this popular demonstration? Not the people. The fury of the people

might shatter Charles, but it could not govern England, and the consequence was that the very instruments it had evoked to wreak its vengeance, when that object was accomplished, turned upon it and became instruments of tyranny. Oliver and the army, though the hatred of tyranny had called them into being, and the abolition of tyranny was the aim of their existence, were left by the subsidence of the popular will in a position of tyranny more complete than any they had abolished. The explanation is to be sought in the inability of the people to govern themselves on a national scale. To control the affairs of a township, average intelligence added to independence of character may suffice; to control the affairs of a nation it is necessary that to these should be added such organising powers and breadth of survey as can only result from a matured experience and a general advance in civilisation.

The same lesson was taught by the Revolution. The aristocratic class here filled the *rôle* which Cromwell and the army had played during the Rebellion. The indignation of the people made the Revolution possible, but the movement was planned, devised, and carried out in all its details by the aristocratic class. And the same thing happened now as had happened previously. The power of the tyrant who was deposed lapsed, not into the hands of the people, for the people were not ripe to receive it, and did not know how to exercise it, but into the hands of those who had been instrumental in overcoming the existing tyranny, into the hands, that is to say, of the aristocracy. Then followed that century and a half of purely aristocratic rule, or rule of the Venetian oligarchy in Lord Beaconsfield's famous phrase, which in many ways had such a determining effect on the subsequent aspects of English life. It is with one of these aspects that we are here concerned. The reader must observe that the aristocratic predominance in this country is a very salient and unmistakable historical event. In the year 1688 a certain amount of power and initiative, which had been proved dangerous to the liberty of the State, was deducted from the Crown. In the year 1832 this power was passed on by the peers to the people. But in the interval it was retained by the peers themselves. The principal means adopted for this end was, of course, the development of the pocket borough

system, under which the great families returned as their own nominees a majority of the House of Commons. Individual peers nominated as many as six or eight or ten members of Parliament, for the most part relatives or dependants of their own; in any case, men on whom they could rely. In this way the House of Commons was turned into an instrument of the aristocratic order. When Sydney Smith observed that individuals wielding such powers under the appearance of a representative scheme of government were in effect "our masters" he spoke the literal truth. The fact is again apparent that the Democracy, the English people, had not adapted itself to the new scale of government. It had made repeated efforts to shake off tyranny without itself being able to institute a national government on a popular basis. The organising ability and intellectual capacity necessary for the job were, as I have said, lacking. The peers had little difficulty in outmanœuvring the people. Moreover, it must be remembered that in the days of which we speak, when intercommunication was slow and difficult and expensive, any consciousness of unity among the mass of the people was almost a practical impossibility. The physical basis for it did not exist. The peers might move about, might rally to each other and co-operate and combine. The people, scattered and isolated, could not. Whoever considers these factors will find it not strange that a race of men, who, when the question was one of defending the rights and privileges that were under their own eyes and of which their own city was the trustee, displayed a consistent and indomitable independence, should, now that it was a question of combination on a national basis, be found tamely submitting, with what almost appears to be indifference, to the oppressions of their new rulers. If England in the thirteenth century seems to be inhabited by a race of freemen and in the eighteenth by a race of serfs, the difference consists really not in the character of the people, but in the contrast that should be drawn between a mediæval city and a constitutional government.

There is no need to dwell further on a point with which the reader will be familiar, for all are aware of the unprecedented position of authority, and indeed sovereignty, in which the great English families found themselves during

the eighteenth and earlier portion of the nineteenth century. What, however, has often struck me as a remarkable proof of our total indifference to art, considered as an expression of life, is that the report furnished by art of this great social revolution seems to pass almost unheeded. If there never was a more vivid and life-like representation of democratic vigour and civic independence than Gothic art affords, there never, equally, was a more absolutely faithful and correct delineation of aristocratic ideals than that supplied by Georgian art. The two epochs exhibit respectively the drawbacks and advantages of the two points of view from which we all of us instinctively regard art. The mediæval rendering of the subject is, above all, remarkable for its strong inherent vitality, a vitality which it derives from the participation of craftsmanship as a whole in the work of creation. Mediæval art is a glorification of the labour of the whole country as well as its highest incentive. It represents the solutions of life's problems worked out by the hands and brains of artisans; only it must be remembered that the artisans were not simple individual workmen, but consisted of large and disciplined bodies or organisations which were the depositories of their accumulated knowledge, and that they were officered and led by the most skilful and efficient among them, whose skill and efficiency, nevertheless, consisted but in the application of expedients accumulated by a common experience. That an art of such origin should be distinguished by an immense vigour and a creative versatility displayed down to the least detail will seem natural enough; but equally natural will it appear that it exhibits no conscious effort to pursue beauty as an end or to enunciate intellectual principles for the guidance of art. Gothic art, in marked contrast to Greek, does not reason and reflect upon its operations. It is spontaneous and instinctive. Although its structural expedients are in the highest degree daring and original, yet these problems are attacked always from the mechanical side, as schemes of construction, not as matters of æsthetic design. There is throughout Gothic art no sign or trace of the æsthetic motive, no sign or trace of that regard for appearance and intimate knowledge of effect which prompt the artist to a stern economy and instruct him in the magnitude of the results to be achieved by a wise and careful simplification.

There is probably no art in existence from which an art student has less to learn.

No doubt this absence of reflection, this absence of conscious aim and purpose in Gothic art, is a drawback for which not all its intense vitality can quite compensate us; and no doubt this drawback is, in the later Georgian era, obviated. No one can say that Renaissance art in general, and Georgian art in particular, is too spontaneous and instinctive or does not sufficiently reflect over its processes and expedients. In fact, this is the first and most obvious difference between the two great creative epochs, the democratic and aristocratic epochs in our art history to which we are drawing attention, that the first epoch proceeds by merely giving free vent to its impulses, whereas the last proceeds by critical analysis and examination. Examine whatever class of objects you will and this difference will proclaim itself. Architecture is the most inclusive of the arts. If the reader will consider broadly the contrast between Gothic and Georgian architecture he will observe that the former is of native origin, while the latter is adapted from classic prototypes. True, but that is merely another way of saying that Gothic art is spontaneous and proceeds by giving free play to its own instincts, whereas Georgian art is a critical exercise in adaptation and relies for its effects on the justice or subtlety of its æsthetic calculations. The two proceed, in short, out of distinct faculties of the mind, one being an exercise of the creative faculty, the other of the critical. And hence, of course, their appeal to future generations is quite different also. Mediæval art appeals to those among us who care not so much for what is definitely beautiful, or concerned with the pursuit of beauty, as for what is enriched with human interest and charged with a significance derived immediately from life. How intimate and how salutary seem, to such observers, the relations which in Gothic days existed between individual life and art. It is not the beauty of the art, or its æsthetic merits, which attracts them (though often they think it is and insist on praising it for qualities which it possesses only in a doubtful and very limited degree), but its vitality. They speculate on all that such an art signified to life, on its effect and influence upon the happiness of the people at large. And the more they go into these

questions and examine the conditions and ideals of British labour in the days of the guilds and the free cities, the more they are inclined to assume that the chief and most essential purpose of art in this workaday world is to keep in touch with life and give itself up to the expression of life. Let art, they will say, preserve at all costs its vitality, whatever may happen to its æsthetic distinction. Let it be much to the people even though it be little to the connoisseur. This is the line of reasoning of those who are moved by profound sub-conscious instincts and a sense of affinity with the national existence, rather than by any abstract and disinterested theory of æsthetics. On the other hand, the professional critics strongly resent these arguments as being irrelevant to the issue. The object of art being in their eyes to investigate the nature and embody the appearance of beauty, their sympathies are naturally with the Renaissance. It is even remarkable that, when mediæval art attains, as it were by accident, the aims of æsthetic study, these critics remain indifferent to such results, whereas even the failures of the Renaissance are to them attractive since they are reached through the use, though it may be the misuse, of the reasoning faculty.

We have, then, in past history two distinct epochs in life and art. In the first place we have a strongly democratic epoch, producing an art of abounding vitality, but lacking something in refinement and æsthetic distinction. In the second place we have a strongly aristocratic epoch, producing an art of much refinement and considerable æsthetic distinction, but lacking the vitality of the earlier style. My object in thus briefly referring to the course of life and art in the past is to point out to the reader the bearing of these deductions upon the present. Without arguing for or against the theories of either of the two views of art referred to, it must, I think, be admitted that modern art is suffering from the very weaknesses which are inherent in the Renaissance point of view. No one can follow the course of contemporary art without being aware how purely critical and experimental its methods have become. The art we see around us is quite obviously sickening for some of that robust vitality which democratic art possessed in such abundance. Its irritable self-consciousness, its insatiable habit of theorising and analysing its own symptoms

and its own methods, its Puck-like eccentricities and grimaces, and the antics it performs in the attempt to capture public attention, are the devices into which an art naturally falls which has come to depend on processes of abstract reasoning detached from the endorsement of life. The truth is that the critical theory of art is failing because the ideal of life which supported that theory is failing too. The elaborate refinement and air of cultured distinction belonging to Georgian art were based on and proceeded out of the strongly aristocratic temper of the age. Those Palladian façades, those stately suites of salons and reception rooms, those marble colonnades and coldly formal classic adornments, and equally with these the precious and exquisite articles of furniture and decoration which filled such apartments, might maintain themselves with propriety so long as in all social and practical affairs as well as in the government of the country the aristocratic influence remained paramount. The art and craftsmanship of the period did but reflect and register the facts of life. No more can be expected of them. But just as art must register the facts of life which exist, so must it also break down in that kind of expression so soon as the facts of life change or pass. And the significant feature of the present is that the facts which supported Georgian art are rapidly passing away. With an ever-increasing fixity of resolve and clearness of purpose, the Democracy is assuming those duties and responsibilities which were once regarded as the unquestioned perquisites of the patrician order. Now, in our day, for the first time in the history of England, the people are really assuming and exercising those rights of self-government on a national scale which they have never heretofore been able to wield. They have been taught by past experience, they have felt the stimulus of education, above all, perhaps, they are profiting practically by the means of co-operation which the advance of modern knowledge has placed at their disposal. They are no longer isolated and no longer ignorant. A population which can circulate as easily and rapidly as ours now can must acquire an idea and some comprehension of the country it belongs to. Informed punctually and immediately of every event of interest it can be moved with common impulses and emotions and

can easily act in unison. It must be remembered that these important influences are comparatively recent. They are but now bearing fruit. But such progress has already been made as renders the drift and direction of events unmistakable. What is it that in these days arms the popular party with such formidable powers so that such great measures as the curtailment of the authority of the House of Lords, or the reform of the land system, measures deemed hitherto impossible of accomplishment, can now be considered or projected with ease and confidence? Again, what is it that has reduced the party of privilege to its present impotence so that its utmost protests appear to be lacking in seriousness and authority? For the right answer to both questions we must look to the steadfast advance of the democratic purpose of the age.

It is not my intention to write politically. I desire only to mention such patent and obvious facts as will give a clue to the development in life which is taking place around us. It is, as I just now said, the office of the critic of art at the present time to turn to life in order to divine what, when they come, will be the directions which art will receive from that quarter. Well, there is really no doubt on that score at all. It is quite plain that the country is committed to a serious and thorough experiment of the democratic theory on national lines. It is an experiment which has never been tried before. Only after some centuries of fruitless and abortive efforts and furious protests ending in dumb submission to various forms of tyranny, has the popular will at last attained the realisation of its own national character. But it has now attained it and certainly he must be a very dull student of human affairs who, after glancing back at the history of life and art, even as cursorily as we have done, can doubt the effect of such an attainment on the future development of creative art. That kind of art, which was the outcome of the critical faculty, which proceeded by academic and analytical methods to the execution of designs acceptable to a minority of connoisseurs, has exhausted its own processes. It has sunk to the condition of a professional perquisite, and so unreal are all its proceedings, so entirely has it lost touch with the life of its day, that the public as a whole are indifferent to its existence and have

to be goaded into such a show of occasional interest as a regard for appearances seems from time to time to render necessary. No one, I am sure, who intelligently surveys the past history of art can fail to perceive that the resuscitation of art demands, above all, an infusion of those very elements which were its chief characteristics in an earlier Democratic epoch. It needs popularising, it needs vulgarising, it needs to be used by life, it needs to be taken out of the hands of professional custodians and art critics and professors and academies and given to the people that they may infuse into it some of the vitality it has lost.

This, then, seems to be the present situation. We are passing, in life, into a period of democratic activity and leaving behind us a period of aristocratic ascendancy. In art we have arrived at the stage when the maintenance of aristocratic ideals has become no longer possible, and when the dregs and vestiges of that tradition are quite obviously in need of what nothing but democratic participation in matters of art can supply. I ask the reader to study these two sides of the problem together and to realise their bearing upon each other. If he does so he will, perhaps, be encouraged to believe that the stereotyped phrases which take it for granted that existing conditions must endure indefinitely are altogether irrelevant. The revolution in life, in the social structure of the nation, of which we are witnessing the first effects, may make such changes in art and industry easy as now seem beyond the limits of possibility. Do not let us pledge ourselves to facts which are ceasing to be facts even while we subscribe to them. A man, unless he have a passion for that kind of slavery, has no excuse, in times of such evident transition, for binding himself to the circumstances of the hour. Our visible motion should force us to inquire the direction of our course. That, after all, is the important point, yet it is just this point which most often eludes us. We are living in an express train and yet we hang on to our surroundings as though they were stationary. We would take every house as it flits by and dwell in it and perhaps enlarge it, and rent every farm and cultivate it. We say "here we are," and before the words are out of our mouths we are in the next parish. There is no need to take all the talk

one hears about the hopelessness of a revival of craftsmanship under modern conditions and the permanence of the factory system, and the indifference of the artisan to artistic considerations at all seriously. Life sweeping on will alter the aspects of all such circumstances in a very short time, and in the meantime let us attend a little more to our destination, and a little less to the objects we pass on the way.

It always appears to me that Liberalism would gain very much if it were more ready to include such ideas as I have been dealing with. It seems at present to be almost entirely a matter of politics, and politics are almost entirely a matter of environment. Hence that dry, materialistic, and superficial aspect which English Liberalism is apt to wear and which arises from its lack of sympathy with ideas as such. Hence, too, its unattractiveness, and the suspicion and alarm with which many people view it, thinking that it is out after nothing but material conquests, and that the whole aim of its activity is the acquisition of different forms of property. I was reading just lately an article in a leading Liberal journal on the best way of dealing with the conditions of town life. The writer describes the evils which afflict our industrial workers. They are all of a material kind and such as can be dealt with by Parliament, and consist of overcrowded and insanitary dwellings, insufficient wages and the like causes. The remedy is "a certain standard of housing and street building that the State should impose." The whole business of repairing "the ravages of industrial civilisation" is to be dealt with by the "authorities." "Local authorities must prepare a survey and plans for dealing with the situation which the survey discloses. These must be checked by a central authority," and then we are told how money and land are to be provided, and how the landlord and landowner are to be summarily dealt with, and in what way rates and taxes and ground values and rents are to be made to contribute to the blessedness of the final achievement. The article is quite typical. All Liberal newspapers take in the main this view: the view that the evils of life consist in certain material disadvantages and can be remedied by removing those disadvantages. Are men miserable, degraded, discontented? Something must be wrong with

their lodging, or their food, or their wage. Thus the democratic advance, which received so marked a stimulus in 1906, has been made to appear to the imagination of many like the advance of a predatory host. The aim of Democracy, it is concluded, is loot made lawful. Such an estimate of the popular cause needs softening and correcting. Blessedness does not consist solely or even chiefly in wages and houses. Character has more effect on environment than environment on character, and nothing that the authorities, local or central, can do in the matter will supply the place of personal self-respect and dignity. If we would turn our attention more to the essentials of life we might be able to show that the idea of democratic progress implies not so much an attack on property as the revival of certain ideals which will enrich and beautify life, and of which life at the present stands sorely in need. One of the chief of these ideals is the intelligent participation of labour in all kinds of creative activity, and this aim attained will not only infuse a new vitality into modern art and craftsmanship, but will also restore to society its ancient content and stability. This is an integral and perhaps the noblest portion of the Liberal gospel, and if it belongs rather to the domain of thought than to that of immediate practical politics that is all the more reason that we should set our minds steadily to its consideration.

Jinny

By Ella MacMahon

JINNY was old and poor and dirty: an old, poor, dirty Irishwoman living in an old, poor, and dirty Irish cabin. Jinny was the last of her family; she was proud of her family. The Lynches had always held their heads high. She was Jane Lynch—Jane Lynch as she often called herself, but everyone else called her Jinny.

I was talking to Jinny only the day before the end. When I went up across the fields to the group of cottages where Jinny lived, I found her standing at her own door. I see her now—a small bunchy figure in dark, rusty clothes and very short petticoats; and I see the nice little face and soft white hair and very clear skin. She was never, alas! clean, but her fair fresh-coloured face *looked* wonderfully clean always. She was plump, was Jinny, though she ate scarcely as much as a robin, and she had few wrinkles, in spite of her eighty-four years. She welcomed me with a smile, and never was there a sweeter smile than Jinny's. Jinny had very sweet blue eyes, light blue and a little faded, but full of humour and radiance still.

"Augh, and how's yerself? How am I? 'Deed, child, I'm grand enough. Only the rheumatiz does be on me now and agen, an' it's hard set I do be for to get to the well for the sup o' water for me tay."

I intimated mildly that the daughter of the house next door might fetch the water.

A slight, a very slight, frown clouded Jinny's face.

"Come in," and her voice became lowered and mysterious. "Come in, an'"—with a look round—"I'll tell ye the whole of it."

I went in. Jinny's cottage was very full of everything but what one might expect. A young pig was snuffling in the corner; I could not see him, for the darkness was nearly Egyptian, but I could hear him, though, in truth, it was

hard to hear, for the cocks and hens were making such a noise. There were two cocks and about a dozen hens in Jinny's kitchen. The cocks seemed to be crowing against one another, as if in a crowing competition. The din was piercing.

Jinny ran at them with a worn broom and "hooshed" them, as she would herself say, out of the house.

"They're very excited," I said, laughing.

"Faith, they are. Sure, 'tis crowing for me death they do be."

"Oh, Jinny, don't say that!" I exclaimed.

She smiled:

"An' why wouldn't I?" she retorted, with her tranquil smile. "Sure, 'tis what we must all come to, God be praised!"

"Yes," I said, rather flippantly, "and perhaps the sooner the better for some of us."

Her face grew grave. She raised her left hand impressively; her right hand was leaning on her stick. Latterly Jinny carried a stick, since the "rheumatiz got a hoult on her."

"No, me child, ye've no call for to say that. Them that lives their lives long has the lucky chance. Eighty-four years I'm in this world, eighty-four year, and we must thank God for the long day, the long day before the night cometh, when none can work. Ay, child, 'tis the night, for sure, when none can work. We must thank God for the long day."

I was silent. I see her still, the little, dirty, ignorant old woman, oh! so ignorant of all the splendid knowledge wherewith we vaunt ourselves! I remember I wondered if she knew that she was uttering poetry, and I remember that I laughed at myself the next moment. Jinny could not read or write. In her day there was very little fuss about education for the masses; at least, when the masses happened to be girls. The Lynches were highly respectable farmers, as farmers go in Ireland, and good tenants to their landlord. But reading and writing, ah, God bless ye! Fitter for ye mind the milkin' and the pigs and the hens. Mick, of course, could read and write—"lovely"—as Jinny always said.

Mick was the shining star of Jinny's firmament, her

brother Mick, but ten years before this Death put his veil over that star. Only a veil, for Jinny's star still shone behind it. Those faded blue eyes could sweep the firmament and see the Heaven of Heavens beyond as clearly as they could see the milking-field out of the cabin door.

Jinny had been "asked" in her girlhood more than once, but she would not leave Mick, and she was seventy-four when Mick left her—the last of them all—alone.

"Well, I'll tell ye what," Jinny's voice changed suddenly; she came closer to me and her eyes narrowed; "I'd rather sup sorrow itself, nor water that that wan'd get for me."

Language fails to convey the volume of disdain in the "*that* wan."

"That wan," was Miss Faulkner, who dwelt next door.

"Them Faulkners," Jinny always said, "arrah! what are they at all?"

The Faulkners gave themselves airs, and Jinny couldn't abide them. The Faulkners, indeed, who came from goodness knows where, any sort of low place, perhaps, and weren't related to anybody at all. The Faulkners, who were just labourers, the sorra a ha'porth else. The Faulkners risin' themselves upon a level with the Lynches, who'd been "tenants" since goodness knows when—the Flood, perhaps. The impidence of some people was beyond the beyonds!

"Talk aisy," Jinny continued, sinking her own voice to a mysterious whisper, "their eyes is out all round their heads to see how often all of ye's does come here, and their ears do be cracking with the listening they have on them."

The Faulkner girl was really a good-natured creature, but Jinny would have none of her.

"An' Masther Willy"—Jinny's conversation had a way of jumping suddenly—"is ploughin' the milkin' field, the poor child! It's many a long year since I saw that ploughed an' I'll never see it ploughed again, never again!"

She shook her head and advanced slowly and with difficulty to the door. "Misther Anthony ploughed it," she continued, "ay, he did, an' many a time I seen him ridin' up here on his big bay horse. Faith, they were a grand

family, so they were. A grand family, an'—ye're a grand family still, so ye are, the same name, the same people. An' the masther's good, too, God help him! Where would I be without him and without the whole o' ye?"

Jinny belonged to the Ireland of a bygone day. She knew next to nothing of land purchase or tenant proprietorship, or even of the Land League. In a dim way she had heard Mick talk of such things, but Mick was a man, and a man knew these things; but she was a woman, and women had no call to be meddlin'. Jinny knew "the family" as she knew the earth beneath and the sky above. They were for her as much a part of the existing and immutable order of things as the grass and the trees.

"Ay, many a time I seen him, and the ladies too. Sure, they were the grand ladies an' no mistake. Miss Fanny and Miss Charlotte and Miss Mary and Miss Nannie—Miss Nannie was terrible good-lookin', but Miss Fanny was well liked. An' they went to live away in Dublin, the Lord knows why; sure, Dublin's the biggest place in the whole worrld, but yer own is yer own, and there's nothin' like it. Miss Charlotte and Miss Mary pined, so they did. 'Twas the air o' Dublin sucked the life out o' them. There does be too many people in such places and not enough air for to nourish them. Well, they come up here on the car when Mick took the black jandice and was like to die. An' Miss Charlotte drove off for the doctor herself and brought him back beside her on the car. 'Here,' says she to him, 'be quick and cure Mick Lynch,' sez she, 'or it'll be the back o' me hand to ye for all the dear days o' yer life,' sez she. Oh, she did so! Mick riz out o' the jandice after that, but the doctor knew well 'twas the best of his bargain not to set the family agen him. Oh, they're cute enough, them doctors! They make me laugh." Jinny was always eloquent on the subject of doctors; she hated them with the hearty hatred common to vigorous and robust constitutions. "They make me laugh, so they do, with their chat. The dear knows if we all got paid for sayin' so little, 'tis rich we'd be. O'Regan"—the dispensary doctor—"come in last week to poor Mary Lacy. 'This woman,' says he, puffin' himself out, 'wants nourishment,' an' not a ha'porth 'd lie on her stomach, mind ye. Then he walked out and told Lacy to feed his wife every two

hours. She was dead in an hour and a half, me dear. So that's the nourishment *she* got."

"Well," I interposed mildly, "we'd be worse without them, perhaps."

"I've lived without a doctor, an' I'll die without a doctor," was the response.

"It's not everyone who's as strong as you, Jinny."

A small complacent smile crept over Jinny's face.

"I had the good health," she said, with an air of modest but irrepressible pride. "The Lord be praised, the Lynches had always pure, good health. Them Faulkners"—she lowered her voice to the same mysterious note—"are sick cats, so they are. There's ne'er a drop o' good blood in them at all. 'That wan' does take a smotherin' in her chest this time back that'll be apt to come for her end."

There was a pause, as Jinny gazed out with a gentle, contemplative smile at the thought of poor Miss Faulkner's "end."

One of the cocks gave a loud and piercing crow.

"Hould yer whisht," cried Jinny, striking wildly at him with her stick, "I'll not trouble ye long now, ye needn't be crowin' so loudly out o' yerself. 'Tis crowing for my death they do be," she repeated.

"Nonsense, Jinny," I said promptly.

She looked at me, and her eyes met mine. I turned away, and a lump rose in my throat. Jinny shifted her stick from her right hand to her left and shaded her eyes with the free hand.

The November sun was shining palely on the fields. The air was soft and warm. The sky was pale blue melting to green, with floating clouds here and there. They were ploughing the milking field. One could hear the voice of the ploughman as he rallied the horses.

Jinny lifted her stick and pointed to the fields.

"Seed-time an' harvest, harvest an' seed-time, honey. That's the way the worrld goes. 'Tis the wan and th'other for us all. 'Tis the harvest for me and the reapin's near. 'Tis the seed-time for you, an'"—Jinny's eyes twinkled—"I'd like to see ye sowin', so I would."

"I'm going to keep like you," I said.

"Bedad, an' ye might do worse, an' ye might do better. I was 'asked' three times, but—augh—'twasn't me fate,

and whatever's yer fate is what ye'll get: ay, if ye were to dance in the flummery fits or put yer two eyes out on sticks; 'tis yer fate ye'll get." She smiled. "An' Heaven's waitin' for us all, honey, and there's no marryin' nor givin' in marriage there, anyhow; 'tis no wonder it's a peaceful place it'll be."

"Jinny," I said suddenly, "don't you ever feel lonely here without a soul in the house?"

"Is it lonely? Ay, faith, but there's times, mind ye, when the place does be full, teeming with them all. An' I say a prayer an' I ask the Blessed Mother to give their souls rest."

"Jinny," I said quickly, "I think your religion is better than mine."

There was a minute of silence.

"Ah, well now," her voice sounded deprecating, "'tisn't for the like o' me to be talkin'. 'Tis them that acts up to their religion that does be in the right of it—an' God's good."

"Jinny," I said, with deliberate mischief, "I'm a heretic, you know."

Jinny waved her stick.

"Arrah! don't be puttin' a name on yerself, now."

I laughed. Jinny laughed, too, a little sly laugh, indescribably humorous.

"Now, it's not *me* that's puttin' it on ye," she added, with a wink.

"Jinny," I said, "I wish we could all be the same."

She looked a little puzzled.

"I mean," I added, "I wish we could all have the same religion."

"'Twould be a blessing an' no mistake," said Jinny gravely.

"What do you think we ought to do?" I asked, prompted by a desire to see how dexterously she would get out of what I believed to be a poser.

She looked at me with the sweet blue eyes that reflected a mild surprise at anyone asking so simple a question with an answer to it so obvious.

"Sure, an' ye have nothing to do at all, only accept the Truth."

I was dumb.

"Well, the Lord bless ye," she said a minute later, "and may the light o' Heaven light yer soul the day o' yer death. 'Tis charity to the poor that takes us straight to Heaven, straight to Heaven, ay so."

For the last time I looked at her. In all England, Europe, Asia, or America, you would find no parallel to Jinny Lynch. The poor old dirty Irishwoman, who could neither read nor write, but to whom those things of which the saints converse were so many homely truths. She shook a little as I looked at her, and the winter breeze stirred her hair. Her hand trembled on the crook of her stick. She had nice little hands, in spite of dirt and neglect, and nice little feet, too, though they were hidden by great, clumsy, shabby boots. Her face was sweet and tranquil, but there was a broad smudge across her forehead and a streak of dirt down her short nose. I thought of the eternal paradox of the Irish peasant—the dirt of the body only equalled by the cleanliness of the soul.

"Come soon again, and may God be good to ye," was her valediction.

The promise of the day broke, as it so often does in Ireland, in a cold storm of rain. I thought of Jinny that night, as the wind howled dismally and rattled the windows, and her words came back again and again the night through.

"We must thank God for the long day, child, for the night cometh when no man can work!"

The winter night wore to morning, but the storm kept up. Early in the morning "them Faulkners" brought a message. "That wan" had knocked on Jinny's door and could get no answer.

"Perhaps," I said, "she has overslept herself." Some words of hers floated back to me.

"I do be fallin' asleep now over me prayers," she had said some time before; "augh, well, I've told the Blessed Mother there's no offence meant, and she'll know it isn't put an ill turn on her I would for the worrld."

We went up in the storm and rain through the milking field. Round Jinny's door the Faulkner family, reinforced by a herd and a small boy out of a neighbouring cabin, were grouped. They separated automatically as we came up. I do not remember in the least how the door was

opened. No doubt it was forced. I only remember how I stood looking down on her.

She was on her knees, lying forward against the settle in the chimney corner of the kitchen. On cold nights she said her prayers near the fire. The fire had gone out and the iron pot hung cold over the half-burnt sticks on the wide hearth. Her head was slightly bent, and her eyes were closed, the sweet blue eyes which would never open again. Her "beads" lay trailing through her dead fingers, the crucifix had dropped down against her wrist.

"The Lord have mercy on her!" whispered Mrs. Faulkner, "and, sure, 'twas only last week the poor old creature said she prayed He'd take her on her knees. An' she without a priest or anything! Oh, God help us all! Well, well, she was fit to go."

I did not wait till they lifted her up; I couldn't. I went out and crossed the fields alone. The rain had ceased, though the bare boughs of the trees still dripped moisture. Far away a tiny streak of pale green sky appeared on the horizon. I saw the sun struggling through the clouds, and a thin shaft struck the ploughed ridges of the milking field. The plough was going up and down, and the ploughman's voice rose and fell as he rallied his team. The echo of another voice pursued me. "We must thank God for the long day." The long day. . . .

Home of the West Wind

By Eden Phillpotts

WHILE we grant that severe training and some pains must go to create just taste in art, where nature is the matter few consider such a need, or approach her manifestations with a mind matured to weigh their values and measure their inherent character. Hence an irrational depression often inspires the stranger before some natural spectacle whose quality evades him.

There is a land that borders the Atlantic and stretches for many a league against the setting sun. You may regard this far-flung coast-line of the West Country as nothing but a bleak and inclement region of undulating hills, that are lifted many hundred feet above the sea, to repeat monotonously and tyrannously their contours, to extend for mile upon mile, featureless, pitiless, despotic. They ascend inland to a naked horizon; they fall seaward upon a range of sad-coloured promontories and cliffs. There is, moreover, something lacking from this landscape—an essential, elemental feature, part of earth's familiar garb—and the absence of it is felt to waken a want and add to that uneasiness the spectacle possibly provokes. There are no trees upon these hills; only stones and hump-backed hedges break field from field, and should a dwarfed oak or ash become visible in some snug hollow below land-level, it lurks there, an alien thing, that lifts its stunted branches secretly and lives on sufferance.

For this is the home of the West Wind; hither from Labrador he comes, that ancient of ages, ranging for ever the Atlantic, ordering for ever the way of the wave and the pathway of the cloud. This land is bared for his welcome, preserved in primal simplicity by the impact of his landing. Here terrifically he alights and sets his impress upon the solid earth, even as he models the green breakers beneath it and herds the flocks of the cumuli

above. He is the overlord, the master, and with him lies the secret of the land. Apprehend that and this earth, that welcomed you so coldly from a wilderness of lonely antres, doffs the garment of desolation and shines luminous and explicit. It is discovered as an outwork of the world, framed to brace its barriers against the ocean and spread its bosom to the gigantic wind. It is found to be a great land—great in its simplicity, great in its economy of effect, great in its propriety of means to an end. To the spirit of man it appeals with the force that comes by stealth. As a fugue, that winds into the soul like a serpent, at first conveying nothing, then wakening into something, finally embodying everything, so North Cornwall conquers. She banishes the first chill doubt, arouses a gradual interest that waxes to enthusiasm, wins final worship in measure of the understanding brought to her courts. She is solemn as the desert, sublime as mountains are. There is nothing rhetorical in her voice or sentimental in her features; but both are subtle and full of power and grace. Her landscape is restrained, reserved, and sober—a spectacle emerging direct from the forces that have modelled it before the advent of conscious intelligence; and now man colours the great picture according to his need, and paints upon its inexorable face with the fruits of the earth. For while the West Wind denies to the tree his immense amphitheatres, to the roof-tree he grants them, to the least flower and herb, to the corn and root and meadow grasses. A great grazing ground rolls to cliff edge. The bellow of kine and the bleat of sheep mingle with the song of the surges below. The wind breaks the rain-cloud here to bless the land with increase; the summer sun burns into its heart; there is music of bell and bird and pageant of the seasons. The furzes and whitethorns and blackthorns bring their gold and silver to young Spring, and the eagle-fern unfurls for her kirtle; presently there are poppies and gipsy-roses in the corn, and the West Wind, running in amber billows through the harvest, sets the wild flowers flashing. Autumn brings the stubble and the smoke of field-fires, the clank of the plough, and the grey companies of the gulls behind it; Winter, the old nurse, lowers the light and draws her curtain of cloud and rain, beneath which all living things sleep awhile, or die.

Here generations of mankind have lifted their homes regardless of Zephyr's primal claim; have justified their existence by land and sea; then laid them down and returned their gift of dust to the unchanging earth that lent it.

They are the crown and diadem of this lonely world; the fairest of its fruits, the best of its treasure. They breathe the breath of the West Wind, and, as the land under their feet, attain to strength and power by the restraint he orders and ensues. They dwell undaunted on the edge of earth and know no other world than this; they are satisfied with their environment and largely moulded by it. And not only its stern conditions and exactions make them what they are. Their lives embrace a greater messenger than the West Wind, and where other men in other climes win their joy of the sun and dwell with Nature in her melting moods, this people, ignorant of much that life may mean and finding Nature but a stern mother, niggard and grudging, set a God over her and worship Him. To religion they turn for their light and warmth; religion is their romance and inspiration; they are divided by many puerile distinctions, yet join in this: that prayer represents their vital need and the right to worship and to praise their first demand. Religion is their daily bread, and music the wine that washes it down. They pray and sing to the God they have established: other æsthetic or spiritual predilection they have none.

They are Christians from the fold of those that protested, and their holy places are in perfect keeping with their lives and their land—stern and naked, full of the cool, white daylight of that region, unlovely no longer when understood. All faiths are fleeting, only faith is eternal; but here and now the Christianity practised by these men and women, from force of habit and loyalty to what their fathers practised, rings with the music of reality, fills their need and fortifies the majority to sustain the battle of living with soberness and self-respect. They are temperate and reserved, and they promise less than they perform; but they are natural, and do not conceal emotions or appetites. Schooled to ask little and hope little from existence, they are not disappointed with it; fearing little, they are at ease. Cheerfulness and content

are no uncommon inheritance; while the free spirit who can feel neither here, departs to seek them elsewhere.

Strong drink tempts few; but the Celt remains a Celt, no matter to what god he lifts his song. He has never been a stranger to passion, and we find among these people many children who have no name, many who are called now one name, now another. They recognise themselves in this matter; their faith does not blind them. The love-children are not flouted, and their mothers are no more cast out than their fathers. Observers of this frequent phenomenon among so God-worshipping and devout a community are puzzled by it. Yet light may be thrown upon a seeming contradiction, for where religion is stern and joyless, offering little appeal to sense and ruling by fear, then will the younger generation, and those with whom Nature can still plead, fight a very resolute and winning battle against it. Geneva and Scotland of old bear witness. The excesses of a Calvin were met by the retaliation of Nature in secret and triumphant rebellion. And those who are now cooled by the passing of years; those who, in middle age, are not so far removed from youth but they can still remember it, exercise a charity far greater than their creeds. There was a time when they, too, were not broken, but put out their hands to reality and, perchance, tasted the joys of the flesh in revolt. Therefore they bear with the young and feel for them, and suffer not the fire of the fathers to scorch the children's hearts. Perceiving that the religion of Christ has never yet stood permanently between man and his nature, to silence the cry of his blood, or stay his feet when the drums of war are calling, these wise, patient people pardon the lapses from their Church's rule, and, with a humanist instinct absent from the pietist middle class, condone and pardon, and make their forgiveness no matter of words alone; for their culprits receive social recognition and the little ones such a welcome as their own undiscriminating Saviour would not have withheld. The law of the land, not the heart of the land, denies them their birthright.

The Christian doctrine of forgiveness of sins is, of course, the last principle to lessen their commission; it must indeed provoke just the licence that agnostic ethics

retard; and this fact, practised rather than perceived, renders these Cornish Nonconformists a rational and logical folk. Unconsciously they triumph over their own dogmas and reveal a charity and tolerance with which the eternal spirit of human compassion, the *Aidos* of the Greek, rather than any supernatural faith must be credited.

Epidemic Hysteria

By Cornelia

For the sake of clarity, let me define my own position with regard to the suffrage, based, I may as well admit, on long years of thought and observation. I think I may say I am a suffragette, because (1) I believe in woman's suffrage as a means of education: the training women to enlightened interest in public affairs; (2) I hold that, concerning many important civic matters, women ought not only to have some representative voice, but also some representative control; (3) I consider that politics can only be purified by the new forces and new interests that women would bring to bear upon them; (4) it seems to me simply to be in the spirit of the age—which may be an old woman's reason or not. Still I am for the vote. I would like to see certain women I know acting in responsible public positions. I cannot help thinking that, on the whole (I am judicious, you see), more good would come out of woman's suffrage than harm; though I have yet to be convinced that, economically, wage-earning women are likely to improve their lot by the mere possession of the paper vote, seeing that men have only improved theirs through Trade Unionism, and still there seems a lot to complain about. However, that is beside my point. I am not qualified to deal with economics. But I am qualified to deal with certain forms of hysterical manifestations, and what I see about me to-day is nothing else than an outbreak of epidemic hysteria, such as has occurred repeatedly throughout history in cases where women have suffered from group hysteria or sur-excitation. At first, I was told militancy was advertisement; that as the Press took no notice of the woman's cause, sensation was necessary, and I believed it. I even believed in the genuineness of the first onslaughts on policemen; nor did the smashing of shop-windows, nor the petty assaults committed upon pillar-boxes, putting-greens, or even Ministers, much disturb me, because I expected that the leaders of

these outrages would know when the time had come to stop, and that then, at least, commonsense would prevail. My friends told me so. Revolutions, we know, are revolutions. Disgusted as I was, I exonerated my sex from blame; had it not been sorely tried, were not numbers of women in very truth exasperated with many of our traditions—the infamous laws relating to illegitimacy, the anomalies of our divorce system, etc.; like the old woman of tradition, I looked on and held my peace. What is happening now is another story. Attacks on works of art, the burning down of beautiful old churches, slashing pictures, in short, vandalism—this is not the work of revolution. This is not militancy, but hysteria. The mental condition of a man or woman who destroys a work of art is unsound; such an individual is dangerous, a public nuisance. They are moral criminals. Let me say here at once to my fellow-women, those of us who are not suffering from epidemic hysteria: "This must be stopped, or we other women, we mothers, we lovers, we wives, those of us to whom sex is beautiful and not a disgrace, we too will be held responsible by posterity and will become a byeword of shame to our children."

What astonishes and alarms me is the flapdoodle attitude of the men. Where is our Home Office? What is the Government doing? What are the men made of that they allow women to smash pictures and destroy works of art wantonly, like imbecile slatterns, afraid even to punish them? Is this the stuff the civilised Englishman is made of, that he fears to lock up a mad woman because she refuses to eat? We have heard a great deal about man-made law, the subjection of woman, male tyranny, but woman, it would seem, is free from any law; free to smash, burn and destroy at pleasure, and not a man in the country with spunk enough to prevent her! I confess I am at a loss to account for man's pusillanimity. Such a condition of anarchy would be ludicrous were it not so scandalous to our sex trading on the old traditions of masculine chivalry towards women, which is one of the very things it affects to deride.

I say trading, and I mean it. These women are not militants. If the fighting women fought, good—I would understand. If they had the courage to arm and go out

into the streets, to march upon Buckingham Palace, Westminster, or the Tower of London, to go forth with rifles, like Carson's men in Ulster, ready to shoot, ready to suffer the consequences, I, for one, might even applaud. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre.* Blood for blood. That would at least be militancy, though, of course, indescribably silly, because impotent. If woman's claim is equality with man, and she is determined to prove it, let her fight like a man, not like a crazy schoolgirl. Let them see what war means, if they are out for it. A woman should know how to die as well as a man. Men have fought and died by the tens of thousands for principles, ideas, ideals, Gods, and interests. Why should not women? But to make war on museums and inanimate things is lunacy. I, for my part, would lock up every woman who destroyed a work of art, and if she chose to starve I would let her, and *tant pis* for her ghost. What we are confronted with to-day is a perverted form of sex mania, due very largely to the collapse of religion, which hitherto absorbed most of the neuropaths in either sex and held them in spiritual ecstasy. Religion, we know, has been built up largely on sex mania or hysteria; so the hermits, the flagellants, the martyrs, the body-torturers, and the fanatics who have led the movements which have drenched mankind with blood, from the Crusades downwards. Woman, nearer to earth than man, more truly the animal, has been held down mainly by the superstition or spiritualism of religion, by Catholicism in particular, with its symbol of the Virgin, its deliberate system of ignorance, and diabolic teaching that woman, as the tempter of man, was the "unclean" partner. Now this is no more. Her ecstatic nature has lost its outlet. Her sacrificial attitude has gone. Her mind, not trained to consider, to create, to philosophise, has become unhinged. Naturally restless, she has lost guidance and control. Her spiritual ecstasy has changed to egomania. There is no longer any reason in her. She has become hysterical, morally insane, temporarily shameless.

The question is, what is to be done, for obviously this indecent exhibitionism on the part of English women cannot much longer be tolerated, even by a Government which calmly allows Ireland to arm and prepare for war in two rival camps, while preaching the obsolete tradition of

Rousseau's spirit of compromise. That we are indefinitely going to sit under while hysterical women burn churches, destroy pictures, and conduct themselves like demons and hoydens is not to be thought of. For one thing, the public will soon take the matter in hand, and then there will be ugly things done, cruel, bad things which can only serve to embitter the present sex war and make the position worse. Lynch law is not to be advised, besides, it is not necessary. In reality, the suppression of militancy is a simple matter. As a woman, I have no hesitation in saying that I desire its suppression whole-heartedly, as I have no hesitation in saying that no Government now could give women the suffrage within the life of this generation.

The first thing we decent women have to tell the men is not to be afraid. The second is to urge them to take action. Men are afraid because, as we think of them as schoolboys, so they think of us as mothers. I would ask all women who are contemplating cutting up a picture to remember that. So much for the irony of life. Because men, deep down in their hearts, regard every woman as a mother, they cannot bring themselves to punish her: to treat her like men: to impose the same standards upon her: to disregard the sex law of life. As a believer in woman's suffrage, I say to them that they are wrong. I don't wish to be judged as a woman, if I do right or wrong, but to be judged as an individual, as a mind, as a life. And that is the mistake my foolish sisters are making. With one breath they claim the rights and standards of men, with the other they impose upon them. With one hand she waves the banner of equality, with the other she smacks a policeman's face, knowing that he won't smack her back, as he ought to, if she is his equal; if force tactics are to be force tactics, instead of a loathsome exhibition of feminine cowardice and irresponsibility. Again, I use the word cowardice deliberately. Woman, as all the world knows, is capable of enduring more pain than man; by law of nature she is the slave of pain; no man would dispute that every mother suffers more agony than ever falls to the lot of any man. About woman's bravery, fortitude, powers of endurance, only a fool would dispute. All this prattle about the militant's bravery makes me want to vomit. Feminine decorum, we must bear in mind, is a purely arti-

ficial condition, imposed on them largely by Christianity. Psychologists, of course, know that. I say that to call women brave because they hunger strike is idiotic. Women are by nature extraordinarily enduring under pain; many of them even like pain. Ah, yes, ladies, let one of our sex speak out the truth. We are not constituted like men; we are constituted for suffering. To us pain is our badge, and if any man doubts me let him ask his dentist how many soldiers and fine men faint in the operating chair to every woman who even complains. I repeat, there is nothing brave in shameless effrontery, in exhibitionism which, pathologically, is what militancy has come to. It is sex indecency, notoriety madness. And we women know it.

The other day a big man said to me:—"Oh, but they have shown pluck, you must admit." I said: "What of it? Ask your mother what agony she suffered at your birth. Go to a lying-in hospital and witness a child-birth. Ask a doctor, and then you will know what bravery is. Ask the poor, with their patience that is of God. This militant business is a hysterical pleasure to the women. They give themselves to it, as in former times they gave themselves to religion; as a woman gives herself to her lover, to her child. Under stress of emotion, woman stops at nothing. She becomes elemental, savage, mad, ecstatic, fearing nothing, halting at nothing. Ask the wife-beaters. Study Havelock Ellis. Read Krafft-Ebing, Weininger, the many books on erotomania, Sadism, Machochism, sex perversity and psychology. I call a woman brave who has the courage to be herself; to face unpleasant things; to do her duty; to shape her life without fear, and in these things great courage is needed. What you English men—Continental men do understand women, I think—don't understand is that the militants go through their outrages in very much the same spirit as that which prompts girls to go on to the stage in tights, and women generally, to undress themselves in public. Our morality is controlled by sanction. All the restrictions, laws, codes, and moral systems of the world have been made by man: woman's code is simply man's code. Look at our fashions! Are they modest? Go to the opera and see the naked arms, shoulders, backs; the false hair, complexions, busts; the skirts outlining the thighs and legs, the candid sex display, and ask yourself if

woman is really the tender, modest, retiring, sweetly-virginal creature you pipe-sodden Englishmen have made of her with your Puritanism and pretty-pretty art, your Peter Pan sentimentalism, your Baby stage heroines, your ecclesiastical canons of chastity, your insular attitude of hypocrisy towards sex and life.

"Believe me, a militant slashes at a *Venus* as easily (so far as moral conscience is concerned) as Lady Amelias wears that Parisian V-shaped frock cut down so low on her back; or adapts herself to any other exposure of her person that fashion may decree the thing. In the old days, the stage manager used to say to the aspirant chorus girl: 'show your legs'; to-day she is not supposed to have any. Dear me, how fond-foolish you men are! We women craze for excitement just as much as men do. To these women, forcible feeding is quite a mediocre inconvenience. The excitement* is the thing. Why, the whole business of love with women is pain—from the beginning to the end. You can dismiss that part of the argument. The women who smash windows, for the most part, do it gleefully, fanatically, hysterically. Yes, we women are not called feline for nothing. You know what the French woman says to her lover: '*Prends-moi, fais ce que tu veux.*' Have you ever considered the psychology of that elemental cry? What it means? The awful abandon, savagery, completeness, negation of self that it implies? The chief difficulty we modern women experience is to disguise ourselves, to hide our feelings, to keep up the stuffed-doll pretence convention has made of us. All the while, we are living double. That is our real trouble. That is why I want the vote—to help women, to teach them to develop themselves, to enable them to live fuller, deeper, clearer, more satisfied, more satisfying, lives. But don't think we are angels. We are not. We are as cruel as men, if not naturally crueller. We can be as hard as the hardest of you, as brutal, as bad, as wanton, as vicious, as evil, and as fierce as any man. Our purity, we have it from you; it has been forced upon us by the Churches, by man, in the interests of property. Our meekness, goodness—we get it from man. Our

* Excitement leads to various manifestations, to suicide and martyrdom epidemics. Infantile suicide is periodic in Austria; it became so in Germany, as the result of the play, *The Spring's Awakening*. Among the Russian student class it is chronic.

ignorance, pettiness, frivolity—these things have been thrust upon us by the Holy Church. Our chastity—again, we have it from religion. But our nature—this alone we have for humanity.

"In Spain, the women love bull-fights, the blood, the suffering, the mangled horses, the deaths, the brutality, the lust, the mad excitement. Don't English angel-women follow the hounds to the death, follow the men shooting or rather massacring pheasants, partridges, grouse, etc., and do they faint when a wounded bird flutters to the ground? All this talk of woman's natural modesty, goodness, and immaculacy of disposition is sheer bunkum; it is what men like to believe of woman, neither more nor less. Many of us find it terribly irksome, living up to it, I can tell you. As for our goodness, Heaven knows what it would be like but for you men who have jammed it into us, by rote of laws and religions till almost we lost possession of our bodies. I tell you, you are mistaken about woman. She is what she thinks you men like her to be. It is because she has got tired of her servility that the suffrage movement has come into existence; it is because she is as yet untrained, unformed, is still a schoolgirl in powers of mental self-control, that it is so necessary to guide and direct her first flights towards freedom, if they are ever to mature into conscience and utility. And it is because I know how utterly wrong she will go if she is not restrained and disciplined that I say to you men, help her; help her to realise herself, help her to help you, but be not afraid of her. As you have moulded her in the past, help mould her now. To-day, she is a child, a silly, hysterical flapper. She must be taught that as force breeds force, so evil deeds are evil, in woman as in man. It is not kind to let her shame and disgrace herself. You men have the power. Use it. As a horse has to be ridden in, often with spurs and hard blows, as a cub has to be licked into shape, so we women must be knocked into counsels of decency. To spare is to encourage them. To show weakness is to ruin them. Let women but know that they will be treated just like madmen if they behave like madwomen, and there will soon be an end to this orgy of epidemic hysteria which is disgracing the name of England."

Only a year ago, the same women were circulating

wild stories about the "White Slave Traffic."* We were told that girls were picked up like cigarette ends in the streets and transported to brothels. The outcry led to an Act which we now see is worthless. And now that the Act is passed, we have discovered it was nearly all a lie. Mrs. Billington Greig deserves the thanks of her sex for her bravery in unmasking that scandalous movement of the militants, as did THE ENGLISH REVIEW at the time for publishing it. That is only an example of the wild way these women go to work.

At the time of the Russian Revolution, when the principle of Parliament was proclaimed, Russian women went "clean mad," capering down the principal thoroughfare of St. Petersburg in transports of hysterical joy, showing their persons, throwing off their petticoats, in not a few cases, stripping themselves publicly. Here is another example of emotional fervour in women. The men did not strip or undo their trousers; that is the point to note. And these outbreaks of hysteria are well known to all women connected with girls' schools. Under great excitement, woman is apt to lose all moral conscience, all restraint. She becomes the priestess of inane sacrifice, amoral, unthinking. In the French Revolution, the women *tricoteuses* wallowed in the lust of blood: it is always so. The animal asserts itself in woman on such occasions more than in man, who has come to be a contemplative creature. It is the latent spirit of acting natural to women, the sex complement of her feathers. When women get excited, they really are excited—a side of human nature rapidly dying out of man, possibly on account of civilisation, possibly, too, on account of drink. But no one who knows anything about sex would deny the phenomenon. Woman is naturally far more spiritually emotional than man, she is the natural revolutionary, anarchist, vandal, give her the opportunity, the passion and the cause; nor, if we reflect upon the ghastly custom of Indian widows to die in flames on their husbands' graves and the hecatombs of women who for centuries so gladly died, need we entertain any serious doubt as to which of the two sexes is the more hysterical,

* I hope the gullible public thoroughly appreciated the ghastly story of Laura Grey, the militant, who killed herself by veronal poisoning. She was the recipient of the "Medal for valour" given her by the W.S.P.U.

the more astonishingly self-sacrificial, the more spontaneous, as it were, in character and action. The only counterpart of this nature to be recorded in man is in the profession of eunuchs, and that, it must be carefully borne in mind, is, in the East, an economic career, an involuntary act, the parents * generally selecting the second son for the position, and submitting him to the fearful shame while he is still an infant, unable either to reason or to protest. Were the eunuchs not highly paid, candidates would automatically fall to a premium. There is a huge difference between this and the self-immolation of Indian women, which was a voluntary act, the conscious acceptance of insane cruelty for no other reason than that it was the custom, nor is it even enjoined in the Books of Veda.

The idea that the militants who attack works of art in museums, who burn houses and old churches, who carry on a systematic policy of pin-prick tactics, are showing special courage, moral or physical, is demonstrably false. I contend that the working woman who brings up her family decently shows infinitely more courage, especially moral courage, in that there are no stimulating influences to rouse her emotions, as in the case of the offending women, many of whom are paid, all of whom are of the neurasthenic type described rather brutally, it may be, but still scientifically, by Sir Almroth Wright in his recent book. People who want to know to what degrees of self-torture women will go, so long as it is the custom, have but to consult some of the works on the "savage" peoples, and they will learn things that may astonish them; how, for example, in Egypt to this day women in the highest grades of social life, deliberately allow their bodies to be mangled for man's gratification—deeds, these, which require every bit as much "pluck" as the action of a mad Englishwoman who sets fire to an old church; of the two, I prefer the savage woman, if only for the utilitarian reasons: she, at any rate, has an object and secures it. After all, her body is her own property; she offends nobody but herself. But these Furies of ours offend everybody and, moreover, secure nothing. It is a difference. It is the difference largely between man and woman, man being creative, woman es-

* The woman, the mother, is here a conscious accomplice of this foul practice, and is kept with the family, on the proceeds of it.

sentially non-creative. If these women could only think at all, they would see how purely destructive they are, as that negative action leads nowhere. But they can't think, they don't want to think. They have got a cause and it has driven them mad, though they are not technically insane, any more than the Indian women were who burnt themselves, or the Egyptian Princess is who mutilates her body for her paramour's delight. That is what we have to consider. If Baksht or one of these new-fangled fashion-makers decreed that women should appear with gowns cut out for outrageous disclosures, why, dear me, many, I feel sure, *once the fashion were started*, would do it to-morrow without so much as a blush perforating their cream- and powder-laden cheeks. It is time we women faced the truth, now that we hear so much about that peculiar virtue, if we are not to be afraid of it, if any serious good is to come out of this movement on our part; indeed, the first thing we ought to drill our minds to practise on is this matter of the truth—about ourselves first and foremost.

I confess the action of some of the so-called constitutional ladies seems to me invidious. They assert their independence of "militancy," their antipathy towards it, but I cannot descry any sign of their disapproval of these methods of paid lunacy, or any attempt on their part to prevent them. Mrs. Fawcett may write to *The Times*, to tell us that the best way to remove the offence is to remove the cause, but that is the doctrine of terrorism. It is like the woman who, when reproved by her husband for spending too much money on dress and frivolities, says: "Well, if I don't buy them, you must." If Mrs. Fawcett can go so far as to assert that severity will not put down militancy, then clearly she is more or less in sympathy with it; for if anything in this world is clear it is that only severity will stop this outbreak of feminine hysteria which is not manly fighting, or decent fighting, or, indeed, fighting at all.

Surely the "Constitutionalists" must see that. Even war, ruthless war, is humanised to-day by the articles of the Geneva Convention, and a Power which deliberately destroyed works of art, old buildings, bombarded defenceless towns, sacked villages, attacked civilians, etc., would meet with the armed opposition of Europe. Why do the women

claim immunity from these rules? Why, if soldiers are now shot for loot, are these women to have the right of Vandalism? Obviously, this claim is an outrage upon society. Equally obvious is it that society must put them down. A mad dog is shot. A mad woman must be put under lock and key. So only will women learn the lessons of logic, that logic which they parade as their prerogative.

Some day they will bitterly repent of their dementia. Their example must have disastrous effects upon all ill-balanced minds, on the struggling poor, on all who nurse grievances. The doctrine that causes can be won if only the claimants make themselves objectionable enough is futuristic. Nor will their contention that, in the absence of force, destruction of property is justifiable, bear the light of investigation. If that were so the working classes have but to smash enough windows and they will become capitalists. But they wouldn't, as they themselves well know. Capital is not amassed by destruction, but by construction. If the women think that fighting is the only way, let them fight, let them shoot, let them kill the men who keep them down. They will soon find out then the value of force tactics, and they will have learnt a lesson. Their present policy is just "epileptic," offensive to both men and women. A hundred or so degenerate, ill-balanced, epileptic or defective women are used by the W.S.P.U. to commit crimes, obviously in the hope that some of them may die and so stampede the country, as in the case of the White Slave outcry. I say that the real criminals here are the women who "pay" these unfortunates, and they should be proceeded against criminally. We are witnessing simply the breakdown of civilisation, which governs by consent, in the face of a policy of violence, which is utterly irresponsible. Any old-fashioned remedy—the stocks, the barrel, the ducking-stool, the pillory—would effect a cure. A man to-day can get the "cat" for taking money from a prostitute, the oldest of all professions. A prostitute at least has an economic justification. What we need now is masculine severity, and I warrant we shall soon be rid of this pestilential scandal.

Scenes on the Panama Canal

By Vaughan Cornish, D.Sc.

On landing at Colon, nineteen days out from Southampton by the Royal Mail, one realises at once the extent to which the United States is committed to the Panama route for an Isthmian Canal, and that, landslides notwithstanding, they are not likely to change it for another. Since my last visit two years ago new piers and wharves have been built and vast store-houses of reinforced concrete have arisen. The huge cold-storage ship *Ancon* was unloading alongside the commissary, and near by lay the battleship *Minnesota* with its two towers of steel lattice work which do duty for masts. Out in the bay was a flotilla of five submarines.

The Lake.

Leaving the train at Gatun, eight miles from Colon, I saw, perhaps, the greatest transformation of scenery which has ever been produced by man in so short a space of time. At Gatun the width of the Chagres Valley is reduced by the approach of the hills on either side, which are here separated by a distance of only one-and-a-half miles. Across this gap a broad earthen mound has been slowly and cautiously piled up during the last six or seven years, the waters of the Chagres escaping meanwhile through a spillway left open in the middle of the dam. Two years ago the gates of the spillway were closed. The ponded waters of the Chagres and its tributaries have now risen to a height of eighty-five feet above sea-level, and have a depth of about eighty feet against the dam. The lake thus formed is shaped like an octopus, the arms being the winding valleys of the Gatun, Quebrancha, Cano, Gigante, Trinidad, Siro Grande, and Siricilo rivers, and the upper valley of the Chagres itself. From North-east to South-west the lake stretches for thirty miles, and from North-west to South-east, where lies the channel of the canal, for

twenty-three miles. Its size is twice that of the Lago Maggiore.

The dam, or embankment, which retains it is now neatly finished off; the little waves of the lake lap against the lock gates at the eastern end of the dam, a few inches below a mark on the concrete wall where the number 85 in huge letters shows the final level of the water. After so many years of activity and untidiness it gives one a curious sensation to see anything on the Canal Zone, neat, finished, and deserted.

The re-located railway to Panama skirts the eastern margin of the lake, occasionally crossing an arm upon an embankment. Here the trees are dying, their white and naked branches telling against the blue water and the blue sky.

It is now possible for the tourist to traverse the lake from Gatun to Gamboa along the twenty-three miles of the buoyed-out channel which ships will follow. The channel itself was cleared of trees; and its vicinity, which has been flooded for some time, is already clear of vegetation, for the trees soon fall and their soft substance breaks up quickly into match wood. Lion Hill, which used to be a conspicuous feature from the old Panama Railroad, is an island, one of several which stand like emeralds in the lake. As we followed the turnings of the channel it was possible, with the aid of a map, to identify the sites of submerged villages and railway stations; and we passed close to the great excavation made by the French at Bohio where the locks for their canal were to have been. This trip was made in a sight-seeing barge fitted up by the Canal Commission for the benefit of tourists. It only goes as far as Gamboa, stopping short of the Culebra Cut, now given over to the dredging fleet—of which more anon.

I made another trip on the lake in a steam tug to the Cano saddle on the upper waters of the Rio Trinidad, about twenty miles from Gatun. The last part of the way was through a lane or avenue cut to permit the passage of boats through the half-submerged forest. Here, where the waters of the lake have only recently risen, the trees still retain their leaves and flowers and the scene is very beautiful. Its interest is enhanced by the presence of water-fowl which have already found the new feeding ground;

white cranes and grey, duck and cormorant, and solemn pelicans flapping heavily along. I saw water-snakes also and a huge iguana lying along the branch of a tree, looking like a much-magnified chameleon.

New plants have also appeared upon the lake, of which the most conspicuous is a floating cup of green leaves with long dangling roots popularly known as "water lettuce." It appears in small patches on the surface of the lake, but the strong trade-wind drifts the plant into the bays and backwaters, on many of which it forms a continuous covering many acres in extent.

The "Cano saddle" is a place where the water-parting between Lake Gatun and the Atlantic is only five feet above the level of the former. It is, moreover, only a narrow ridge, and its summit is but a few yards from the lake. The spot is remote from habitations, and a landing party from a hostile fleet could soon make a trench which would drain off and lower the waters of the lake to a serious extent. So a great embankment is being constructed here to make the task too long and laborious to be achieved quickly or by stealth. The work has been put out to contract, instead of being undertaken by the Canal Commission, and the sanitary precautions customary on the Zone are not enforced. We brought back a white American suffering from a severe attack of malaria, and the doctors who accompanied us were of opinion that the whole force engaged on the work would shortly be down with fever.

The tug boat which took us to the "saddle" was a part of the old French equipment, much of which is still in use, and is remarkable for its excellence and durability. Yet the legend of the French having sent snow-ploughs to Panama still survives. This curious tale has, I believe, been traced to its origin. The French contractors supplied a number of large, light, wooden shovels for handling ashes from the boilers of the various engines. They resembled the shovels used in the United States for removing snow from the foot-pavements, and the report spread there that snow shovels had been supplied at Panama. In England we do not have snow shovels, but we use snow-ploughs. Thus, when the legend crossed the Atlantic, it underwent a further development, and we were told that snow-ploughs might be seen rotting in the jungle at Panama.

The Waterfall.

The rainfall and the rivers have flooded the low valleys within the calculated time, the great dam has held the waters up, and the ground on which it was built has not allowed them to escape by percolation. Thus the engineers can afford to "waste" water through the spillway gates. The spillway consists of a curved concrete wall covering a gap in the centre of the great dam to a height of sixty-nine feet above sea-level, surmounted by concrete piers between which are fourteen flood gates, great steel shutters which can be raised or lowered by electric power.

One morning in February seven of the fourteen gates were raised for a few hours. When I arrived on the spot these gates were already open and the waters of the lake, pouring through them in converging torrents, met in conflict on the northern side. The water is further broken by short pillars called baffle piers and is flung up in a huge seething dome. This heaves up and down as if panting in the struggle. A cataract of waters flows out from the foot of the dome and races seawards down the smooth concrete channel to the sea. Great standing waves diverge in diagonal ridges from the side walls of the channel, and against the piers of the railway bridge below the water rises up in crests shaped like the bow-wave of a torpedo boat and some fifteen feet in height. In the spillway-fall and spillway-rapid we have an artificial reproduction of the horse-shoe falls of Niagara and of the whirlpool rapids, but with the latter brought close to the foot of the falls, instead of being separated by a long, deep pool of quiet water. When all the gates of the spillway are opened, the discharge is, indeed, greater than that of the Falls of Niagara.

I was present during the closing of some of the gates. In response to the movement of an electric switch at a distant station the great steel shutters slowly and quietly sank into the flowing water, shutting off one after another of the seven convergent waterfalls. The accompanying changes in the waves of the spillway-torrent were very remarkable. The quantity of water being reduced, the depth of the torrent was correspondingly diminished, and when not more than one or two feet, a great travelling wave with

a foaming front and resembling the bore of the River Severn, was discharged down channel at each partial subsidence of the seething dome of water which is formed where the cataracts converge.

Engineers have spoilt many waterfalls, but at Gatun they have presented the world with a new waterfall which it is worth going far to see.

The Great Landslides.

It was intended that the new Panama Railroad should be carried through the Culebra Cut on a terrace ten feet above the surface of the canal and only a few yards from the bank. The collapse of the banks has made this impossible, and after passing Gamboa on the southern journey the train swung out to the east, through country in which I had never been before, taking us round the back of Gold Hill, a celebrated eminence at the summit of the Isthmus, where the cut is deepest. It was here that I received the first of several shocks which I was to experience during this (my fifth) visit to the Isthmus. The North flank of Gold Hill had been stripped bare of its covering of vegetation by the operation of hydraulic jets, and the raw, red earth showed like a great flesh wound. The rotten sediments which rest against the north face of the solid core of the hill were being washed away *to the east*, *i.e.*, away from the canal. The breaking of the bank had actually extended so far that it was convenient and profitable and expedient to wash away the banks of the canal into the next valley. A little further on I received another shock. In the thin ridge which extends southward from the rounded top of Gold Hill a huge notch had been cut by other hydraulic jets, another gaping red wound. I knew that behind this was the Cucuracha slide. The thin ridge of unbroken rock at the back, *i.e.* east, of the Cucuracha slide was being battered to pieces by the hydraulic jet in order to get at the flowing earth behind it and wash this likewise away from the cut into the valley to the east. We arrived at the Tivoli Hotel, near Panama, too late to get to the Culebra Cut and see what was on the other side, but a special sight-seeing train took us early next morning to a view-point on the west bank of the canal a little south of Gold Hill on the opposite side of the canal and im-

mediately opposite the Cucuracha slide. The view-point is at an elevation above the water sufficient to enable one to appreciate the height of the landslide, which has the appearance of a red glacier, barred with narrow bands of bright green, where the trees and shrubs still stand upon the narrow platform provided by the summits of the *seracs*. The topmost break, corresponding to the *bergshrunde* is nearly at the summit of the ridge, five hundred and eighty-five feet above canal bottom, five hundred and forty feet above the surface of the water in the cut. It is about five hundred yards, horizontally, back from the canal, and the face of this moving mass of earth extends for seven hundred yards along the east bank. Here were congregated a whole fleet of dredgers which work day and night shovelling out the earth and rock from the bed of the canal. As they remove the supporting material at the bottom they accelerate the flow from above, so that during the three and a half weeks that I watched their work they barely held their own, maintaining a waterway of less than two-thirds the proper width and less than one-half the proper depth of the channel. The visible change produced by the work of the dredgers was in the upper part of the landslide which, as it settled, exposed behind and above it a higher cliff of the unbroken rock.

The western bank, opposite the Cucuracha slide stands firm, but just north of Gold Hill the banks have broken on both sides. My first view of this, the second danger point of the cut, was from the bend of the carriage road at Culebra village, just at the back of the spot where the Y.M.C.A. Clubhouse used to stand. From a spot near by I had my first general view of the great artificial gorge in 1907, and I always hasten to the place when I arrive on the Isthmus and linger there before I leave. Gold Hill on the opposite bank is the central feature of the view. The summit, six hundred and twenty-five feet above canal bottom, is at some distance to the east of the canal, the highest point of the escarpment being four hundred and ninety feet above canal bottom. Hitherto this has been the deepest part of the cut, but now, as already mentioned, the Cucuracha slide has broken back to a point somewhat higher. The escarpment of Gold Hill is very steep, for the core is of compact, eruptive rock which can bear its own

weight without crushing, but the slopes which flank the hill on the north are composed of rotten volcanic sediments, the collapse of which forms the east Culebra slide. It was on the reverse slope of this that the hydraulic jets were working, and on the top of the front slope, facing the canal, steam shovels were busy removing material so as to reduce the total weight and also diminish the thrust of the remaining material by flattening the slope at which it stands. At the foot of the slope dredgers were working removing the material which was encroaching upon the channel from the east. The East Culebra slide is not so high nor so mobile as the Cucuracha slide, nevertheless, this point of the canal is, not less than Cucuracha, a danger point, because the west bank of the canal at Culebra, exactly opposite to it, is also pushing out. Below where I stood dredgers were at work at the foot of the west bank, and a much-restricted waterway separated them from their fellows working on the east side. From the northern extremity of the east and west Culebra slides to the southern end of the Cucuracha slide is barely one and a half miles, but it is the deepest part of the cut, and it was the last where full depth and width of channel were attained. It is only lately, therefore, that the banks have been subjected to the full stress, and the landslides are at an earlier stage of their life history than those to north and south of them. How long it will be before they are dead no one knows exactly. The optimists measure their life in months and the pessimists in centuries. Even if they come to a standstill in 1914, it will be some years before we can be sure that their activity will not be subsequently renewed.

The whole course of life and thought upon the Canal Zone has been affected by the unexpected increase in the landslides. The officials are frankly bored. Most of them have completed their tasks, yet the canal cannot be used. Activity is therefore now concentrated on the two places where the cut is narrowed, and the most animated scene on the canal to-day is down in the cut itself at the foot of the Cucuracha slide.

Leaving Panama by the 7.30 train one morning for Pedro Miguel, I embarked there on a motor launch and was taken through the cut. Wreaths of white mist rolled between the hills, alternately hiding and disclosing the

menace of the landslides. The red and green of the Cucuracha slide were backed by the black escarpment of Gold Hill. The hissing jet of an hydraulic monitor was washing the loose mud into the chocolate-coloured water of the cut, the suction dredges dealing with the material as it came in. The endless chain of the ladder dredges scooped up the firmer soil with their revolving buckets, and the rocky part of the slide, at its northern end, was being tackled by the enormous scoops of the dipper dredges. Alongside lay the barges into which the spoil is loaded and the tugs which haul them to the dumping places in backwaters of the lake. We steered through the busy fleet, until a burst of angry hootings warned us that we had arrived at an inauspicious moment. We hove to and watched for the dynamite blast, remaining on deck just long enough to see the explosion and then ducking hastily below in time to avoid the flying fragments. Then we went on past the foot of Gold Hill, between the east and west Culebra slides, as far as Empire. Here the banks are now relatively stable, and I think that planting might with advantage be soon begun, with binding grasses, shrubs, and trees. A covering of vegetation is needed to protect the banks from the heavy rainfall, and the excavation has gone so deep and lasted so long that it will not do to trust entirely to spontaneous growth.

Returning through the cut, when the mists had cleared, I landed on the Cucuracha slide. Scrambling about its lower slopes was much like exploring the snout of a glacier, crevasses, seracs, and surface streams, all were there, and broken rocks floating down upon the slowly-moving surface.

The last I saw of the slide was at night coming back by the late train from Culebra. The cut was lighted by electricity and the fleet of dredgers were hard at it. They are worked in double shifts twenty hours out of the twenty-four, that all may be ready for the ceremonial opening next New Year's Day. The American people have waited ten years for that day, and they mean to make the spectacle one of the most imposing that the world has ever seen.

The Crown Estate in London

By W. M. J. Williams

The value of the Crown Lands has varied much at all times; but from the beginning of the nineteenth century, by the aid of certain returns, we can tell the net sum which has been paid from this source into the Exchequer, which sum will in each year equal that which would have been paid into the Civil List Fund under the old, bad, loose system before 1830. For several years the sum paid into the Exchequer was, uniformly, £966 13*s.* 4*d.*, and each year from 1826 to 1838 inclusive there was no net sum paid in from this source, but meantime, on a few occasions, a larger sum was received. From 1838 we have records of Queen Victoria's time, when also definite clear accounts are given. In 1839, £180,000 were paid on account of Crown Lands and Forests into the Exchequer, and though afterwards the net yield fell to half that amount on one or two occasions, yet the estate improved in value steadily, and in 1887 yielded a net £370,000, in 1888 £390,000, and in 1889 £430,000. That last sum was swollen, probably, because of the inquiry in that year into the Crown revenues and Civil List. That yield has continued to increase owing to the steady and progressive management since 1830, and, as has been told already, has shown a sum amounting to £530,000 for several years past. The policy of Parliament in improving administration from time to time has been justified completely in this case. In 1850 the care of Public Works for the use of the Crown and Administration was separated from the care of the Crown Estate, the Crown Lands and Forests, and the one placed in charge of the Board of Works, while the Estate was placed in the charge of Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who work under the superintendence of the Treasury, and the President of the Board of Agriculture has been made one of these Commissioners recently. The results have been a solid gain on every hand. The Sovereign's dignity and

comfort are greater, Parliament has control of the Crown Estate, the administration of the Estate is free from abuses which were only too frequent a hundred years ago, and the yield of income has been improved very largely, and a value accrued which is but very inadequately represented by the present yearly income.

Having given some account of the history and nature of the Crown Estate it is necessary, both to complete the sketch and also with respect to what will follow, to add that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests administer that estate as though it were a private domain. In common conversation it is also evident frequently that it is conceived of in that way: and it must be admitted that official phraseology seems to countenance such a construction. But, of course, that last fact is only part of the formal manner of transacting public business, as may be seen in Parliament every year when millions are voted "to His Majesty" for such and such a service, or when we speak of His Majesty's Military and Naval forces. The above sketch will serve to show that the question involved in this matter is how the dignity and comfort of the Sovereign shall be sustained, and that is the question decided by the Civil List Act of 1910, and specially by the second clause by which Parliament engages to pay £470,000 a year in lieu of the estates and revenues the King places at their disposal. Accounts have to be rendered by the Commissioners annually to Parliament, there is quite a code of laws by which the administration is regulated, and occasionally Parliament institutes a special inquiry, as in 1889, when there was a question of a Royal Grant, to ascertain the position and condition of the Estate. The whole estate is treated as a State affair, subject to the control of Parliament, as every other part of the administrative work of Government. Though this may at first sight appear to mar the usefulness of the Crown Estate for the purposes of this paper, it is soon found that it does nothing of the kind; but, in any case, it is of moment constitutionally, historically, and economically, to clear up the real character and position of this Crown Estate, which is once again, under careful nursing, acquiring dimensions and value of much importance.

A few facts respecting the present value and the management of the Crown Estate may be culled here from the

Abstract of Accounts issued early in 1914 from the office of the Woods and Forests. For the year ending with March, 1913, the *Capital* of the Estate was returned as £441,582 in Cash, and £867,812 in Stock. (This should not be confounded with the market value of the property which the Estate holds or consists of.) The *Income* for that year gave a total of £732,423; and out of this there was an expenditure of £182,417 for maintenance and management, there was a balance of over £20,007 carried forward, and, as was said already, £530,000 paid into the Consolidated Fund at the Exchequer. It must be added that this Abstract does not include in the maintenance and management item the cost of the "London establishment, and of the Quit Rent Office in Ireland," which are defrayed out of votes by Parliament, amounting to about £21,000 a year.

For present purposes also it is necessary to draw attention to the various portions of the Estate, which, as a whole, consists of a large and rich variety of properties, affording an excellent sample of all such properties throughout the Kingdom. The main divisions may be given as the "Land Revenues," in which are included not only the farm-lands in many parts of the country, but also properties of many other kinds, such as all the town properties (including London), and the mines, of which last the Acts in question direct that a separate account shall be kept, and a half of the annual income from this source carried to the Capital account. Then there are the Windsor Parks and Woods; and finally all the Royal Forests and Woodlands, chief of which now are New Forest and the Forest of Dean. Of necessity, both by legal requirement, and by the demands of administrative organisation, in such a vast estate with such a variety in character, there are many separate and subsidiary divisions and accounts; and it is a pleasure to notice how improvement in organisation and management is to be observed of recent years. Before leaving this general view of the Estate and its accounts it will be of interest to many to be told that on this Royal Estate rates and taxes are paid much as though it were that of a private owner. That, it will be observed, is not the case in London and elsewhere with respect to Government offices and establishments, which cannot be rated by local authorities (for

the King is not rateable), though it is customary now to pay a sum voluntarily in lieu of rates.

The following summary of the distribution of the Estate is essential to an appreciation of the representative character of the whole. We are told generally that the Estate now consists of about 342,184 acres, of which about 67,684 acres are under growth of timber. There are some common rights in parts of the woodlands. In addition there are 127,524 acres of unenclosed wastes subject to common rights. Of still further interest is the distribution of such a vast estate. In *England*, scattered over eighteen counties, the Estate has about 82,042 acres of lands and farmlands, and in addition there is the New Forest of 65,000 acres, Dean Forest, 18,700 acres, and Delamere, Chopwell, Salcey, and Hazelborough Woods, extending together to 4,693 acres, and Windsor Woods and Plantations of 15,400 acres, while the Crown, as Manorial lord, has many subsidiary rights. In *Wales*, the "lands" consist of about 9,953 acres, chiefly in Merioneth and Monmouth, 80,241 acres of waste lands, 3,346 acres of plantations, the minerals under 258,248 acres of lands sold, fee-farm rents, mines, quarries, etc. In *Scotland*, in about six counties, there are 34,818 acres of lands, 833 acres of woods, and a variety of feu duties, casualties, and surplus teinds mostly on private lands, together with fishings and mines. In *Ireland* now, there are only about 910 acres of land left, but besides there are many small fee-farm and other unimprovable rents, and quit rents, which are costly in management, but valuable and significant. In the *Isle of Man*, there are lands in absolute property of 14,735 acres, together with 803 acres planted in trees, and also various foreshores, mines, and quarries throughout the Island. And, finally, in the *Isle of Alderney*, there are about 62 acres of land, and all the foreshores and the port of Alderney. Such a sketch is only a bare indication of the character and distribution of this Estate, but will suffice to convince every experienced person that it is not only of great interest and great value, but also of such a nature as to afford the most varied experience in the management of every species of landed and kindred property. This remark is as applicable to the Urban and House portion of the Estate as any other, as will be shown in the following remarks.

For my special purposes I now desire to concentrate attention upon the London portion of this Estate, which will be found to be as representative of such a property as the whole Estate is of property generally. The outlook and the management of this Estate are much like that of other kindred and neighbouring estates, but possessing the advantage of making its affairs known largely, and becoming thus a touchstone both of national policy respecting such property, and of the relation of the management to the dwellers upon any large estate. Such an estate, in short, is evidently a section of the nation's resource and charge which enables us without much fear of error to judge of similar resources and charges all over the kingdom. From this point of view, though I have said with pleasure that the administration of this Estate shows signs of great improvement, it is to be regretted that no serious effort is made to make the public better acquainted with its affairs. Were such an effort made, and that successfully, many things in public discussion might be treated with greater definiteness, and with a firmer grasp of fact. The London portion of the Crown Estate will be found in extent as well as in character to afford an insight into every phase of the relation of any such urban estate to the national life.

In extent the Crown Estate in London is about a total of five square miles, reaching from Eltham in the south-east, to Kensington in the west, but lying chiefly, especially as regards value, in the West End, the North-west, West Central, and City portions of the metropolis. A London Estate thus of about 3,200 acres, comprising a variety of property, including some of the finest houses and gardens in the metropolis, must engage the attention of every person seized with the significance of such a fact in our national and individual life. Let me remind the reader how that this vast estate is managed as though a private owner's property, and his interest, may be, will quicken as he perceives how it may be made a mirror of life on a London property, how its affairs do condition the lives of many thousands of the population of London, and that much more profoundly and intimately than any of the matters dealt with by the London County Council, or any of the Borough Councils and such public authorities. The Londoner's home is in question, and, in addition, in thousands

of cases, his means of winning the daily bread for himself and his family. He will, I am sure, be thus ready to follow me in an enumeration of the districts of London in which the Crown Estate lies.

As I have said already, no inquiry into the affairs of the Crown Estate has been held since 1889–90, but much information may be found in the annual reports of the Commissioners in charge. The indications of locality are ever very scanty, but the following, as given a few years ago, will afford a view of the locality of the chief London properties belonging to this Estate. In addition to some property at Eltham, which is popularly regarded as outside London, though it is not so technically, there are portions of the Estate to be found in the following districts: *e.g.*, Kensington Palace Gardens, the north side of the Uxbridge Road (now known as Holland Park Avenue), the High Street, Notting Hill, and extending to High Street, Kensington, where also there is a portion of the Estate on the south side. The two great houses at Albert Gate, Hyde Park; houses in St. George's Place, and on the north side of Piccadilly, between Apsley House and the house formerly known as Gloucester House, at the corner of Down Street. Houses too, including Hamilton Place, on the east side of Park Lane, between Brick Street and the south of Grantham Place; another block in Park Lane, in Brick Street, and Grantham Place. Then there is the Millbank Estate, extending from Grosvenor Road and the Thames northwards to Vauxhall Bridge Road and Bessborough Street. That includes Bessborough Street, Bessborough Place, Ponsonby Street, Ponsonby Place, Ponsonby Terrace, and other places around on the south side of the old Penitentiary, which has given place to the Tate Gallery and adjoining improvements. On the north side of that there are premises extending from those described to the old Speaker's stables. The Regent's Park Estate extends from the Albert Road on the north to Park Crescent and Portland Place on the south, and from Park Road on the west to Park Village East, Augustus Street, and Osnaburgh Street on the east. At the south end of Portland Place, Regent Street begins with some houses north of All Souls' Church, and extends down Langham Place, but the Langham Hotel is freehold, except a small piece

of the great bow window, which belongs to the Crown Estate. The Estate includes the St. George's Hall, Regent Street extends southwards to Pall Mall and the end of Waterloo Place, the houses belonging to this Estate. There is property also in Oxford Street and in Wardour Street, Hollenden Street, and Little Chapel Street, and a block further south between St. Ann's Court and Meard's Court, and in Pulteney Street, opening on Rupert Street, there is more. In Piccadilly there is a considerable property extending from Regent's Circus on the north side to two houses west of Swallow Street, including the Piccadilly Hotel and all the buildings adjacent. On the south side the Crown property extends from the Haymarket, including the Criterion and the Museum of Geology, to Church Place, and also from Duke Street nearly to St. James' Street, and both blocks going through to Jermyn Street. South of that, on the east of St. James' Street, blocks including Boodle's Club and Herries' Bank, and the blocks at the rear between Bury Street and Duke Street, which include Christie and Manson's auction rooms. On the west side of St. James' Street, from Arthur's Club southward to Cleveland Row, and back to Little St. James' Street, is also freehold of the Crown. A very curious and significant strip of garden land on the east side of the Green Park, from Piccadilly to Cleveland Square, is attached to various mansions, and was inclosed without authority long ago, but was ordered by Parliament to be scheduled as Crown property, for which rents are now paid on the second 99 years' leases. The west side of the Haymarket, between the Haymarket and Waterloo Place, including Jermyn Street and His Majesty's Theatre, is also in the property of the Crown. In Pall Mall, a few houses on the north side, west of Waterloo Place, and almost the whole of the south side from Cockspur Street to Marlborough House, is part of the Estate. Carlton House Terrace and the offices of the L.C.C. in Spring Gardens, are a further portion; and so also the east side of the Haymarket, south of James' Street, including the Haymarket Theatre, and the United Universities Club, round Suffolk Street and Suffolk Place, and Pall Mall East from the Haymarket to the National Gallery. Again, the block including the Union Club, and (on the east side of Trafalgar Square) the triangular block

including Morley's Hotel. Still further east the triangular blocks between King William Street, Adelaide Street, and the Strand, including the Gatti Restaurant and the ground now occupied by Coutts' Bank, are portions of the Estate. Then also, the block north of King William Street, except the Charing Cross Hospital and the Ophthalmic Hospital, which have been alienated from the Estate. North of St. Martin's Church there is St. Martin's Mews, another portion. Going down to Whitehall Place, on the north and the south side, and including Great Scotland Yard and Little Scotland Yard, we find other portions. Then, too, there is the National Liberal Club and Whitehall Court—all these are of the Estate—then extends southward from Whitehall to the Victoria Embankment as far as Richmond Terrace Mews, and including the whole of Whitehall Gardens and Richmond Terrace (the Whitehall Gardens portion, presumably, will now be the subject of a sale and transfer, as those Gardens are to be the site of the new Board of Trade building). On the other side of Whitehall, Dover House belongs to this Estate. Then there is a little property in Westminster, and also the Stationery Office, and a strip of land by the side of St. James' Park, which are a portion of the Estate.

South of Buckingham Palace there is the Palace Hotel, and houses immediately east and west of it up to the Duchy of Cornwall offices, and some portions of the Wellington Barracks—all are of this Estate. Crossing to New Oxford Street a large proportion of the houses on either side is Crown property: also some in Cranbourne Street, and in the Strand, east of the portions mentioned above, where the Strand Hotel is now, the property belongs to the Estate. In Holborn much property on either side of Newton Street belongs to the Crown, and they include the London and Westminster Bank, the Holborn Restaurant, and others. On the west side of Fetter Lane, a portion of the Rolls Estate, the Birkbeck Institution, some printing offices, and the Cambridge University Press (formerly Sampson, Low, Marston and Co.), all are portions of this Estate. In Victoria Street, the Crown has property on both sides. Then the Crown has practically the whole of the Holborn Viaduct, from Hatton Garden to St. Sepulchre's Church, including the lower levels. In the City there are properties

here and there, fallen to the Crown by escheat. There is a little, too, in Tower Hill, on the north side of Church Street. Other properties in the City were got by purchase, as also in Southwark. It should be recollected, too, that for years the Crown has been acquiring more and more in this way by purchase in London. To round off this enumeration, Victoria Park in the East End must be mentioned. Adjoining the Park and extending from "Bonner's Fields," which were on either side of the Approach Road and Bonner's Road from the Old Ford Road to the Park entrance, and again following round the Park, both in Old Ford Road, Gore Road, Gore Crescent, and others, there is a considerable portion of the Estate, "developed" after the sale of the area of the Park in 1872 to the Metropolitan Board of Works. This may be accepted as a rough indication of the localities in which may be found the Crown Estate in London. I regret to have to say that the accounts as presented are quite inadequate for a faint estimate of the value, the present value of this fine London Estate belonging to the Crown. These accounts are presented, perhaps necessarily, so as to show the properties in the several charges of the Commissioners; but why the aggregate account should not be so drawn up as to show us the London Estate by itself is a mystery that should be solved by authority as early as possible. The nearest thing to what is required is a line in an analysis which Mr. Leveson Gower usually gives of the Income and Expenditure of the properties in his charge as Commissioner (the London Estate should be a feature in the aggregate account of the Estate); but for the year ending March, 1913, the last report available, this useful analysis has been omitted—for a very insufficient reason, if I may say so. I fall back, therefore, to the report for the year ending March, 1912, and there find that Mr. Leveson Gower gives the *Net Income for London* at £376,521, with £8,651 for Eltham; but this last is partly in Kent. We may assume, therefore, that in 1912 the *Net Income from London* (including Eltham) was *about* £380,000. This is an interesting figure: for it was given in evidence that in 1888 the amount received from London was £250,308 for 4,252 houses. We are near the heart here of the question raised by so many, and involved in the proposals of the Government respecting urban lands

and houses, as regards the present system by which the whole value of reversions on leasehold properties goes to the ground owner. This is felt to be a gross injustice, to tenants and to public alike, and it is accompanied by a power in the landlord's hands used largely in an oppressive and coercive sense. Now, Mr. Arthur Cates, who at one time was Surveyor for the London Property of the Crown, told the Committee of 1889–90 that he had considered the present value of the London Crown Leaseholds. Sir H. H. Fowler, afterwards Lord Wolverhampton, was in the Chair, and was questioning Mr. Cates about the value of the £250,308 then received annually from the London Estate. Here is the closing question:—

"*Chairman*—That is the present ground-rent you receive for the London property, about a quarter of a million; if those ground-rents by some magic wand were turned into full rack-rents to-morrow, you would expect to get £1,000,000?

"*Answer*—I should hope to get very much more. . . ."

So that Mr. Cates was of opinion that the true annual value of the London property was "very much more" than four times the rents got under the current leases. Dealing with the £380,000, the figure for rents in 1912, in the same way, I cannot be over-stating the case when placing the *present annual value at* £1,600,000. It is only fair to acknowledge, on the other hand, that since 1889 many of the leases have been renewed and the present value secured in large part. There is also the fact that in some parts of London it is found by the rating authorities that annual value has fallen; and, certainly, there must be a limit to the power to grow with regard to reserved rents on properties under lease. At the same time the figures adduced must be taken to prove what an expansion of income comes to those who own properties developed by lessees. The full advantage has to be waited for, but the capital value is there, if at any time the owner wishes to sell.

The relation of this Crown Estate to other large private estates in London is a subject which is closely related to matters on which the public would be better informed just now. The largest estate in London, viz., the Crown Estate, exhibiting the whole variety of London property, must be

an influence in shaping the policy for management of a very powerful kind. Not only so, we find it admitted by Mr. Arthur Cates in 1890 that the relations of the Crown Estate to the others was very intimate. Pressed by Sir William Harcourt on this point, Mr. Cates said—"I am frequently in communication with the agents of the principal estates in London. They are almost all of them personal friends of mine, and have in years past been in the habit of conferring with me on questions of management. . . ." Requested to communicate with some of the larger estates he had in mind on the question of renewing leases, Mr. Cates mentioned the following leading estates, viz., the Bedford, the Westminster, the Portland, the Portman, the Sutton, the Christ's Hospital, the Goldsmiths', the St. Thomas', the Corporation of London, the Berners, the Fishmongers, the Grocers, the Skinners, the Salters, the French Hospital, the Selwyn Estate, and that of the Foundling Hospital, among them. Two points touching leases were discussed, chiefly; (1) to whom the first offer of a new lease is made, and (2) when and on what terms leases are renewed. On the first question it was elicited that both on the Crown and on the private estates the tenant in possession had the first offer: in possession, not the former lessee. This led to an interesting recital of the renewal of the lease on property on the site now occupied by the Criterion Restaurant and Theatre. It was in 1866 that a former Surveyor of the Crown, Sir James Pennethorne, granted a lease to Mr. Challis of the "White Bear" public house and of Webb's Hotel site also close by on the terms of building a hotel worth £20,000 to be completed by April, 1872. The new lease was to be dated October, 1870, for a term of 80 years at a rent of £800 after the first year; but in 1870, Mr. Challis assigned his agreement to Messrs. Spiers and Pond on their agreeing to pay him £300, and an annual sum of £300. Then Messrs. Spiers and Pond were allowed to build the Criterion! There is much to be said in favour of allowing the tenant in possession to get the lease, but it was never intended that a slack bargain of this sort should be entered into, and that the Crown Agents should sanction it—as they did.

Much more general will be the interest in the second question of the date and terms of the renewal of a lease.

At the request of the Chairman, Mr. Cates in 1890 got information from several of the large private estates on this point. It will suffice to refer to the replies from the Portland and the Portman Estates, both in Marylebone, as all the replies are on similar lines, differing principally in the few years before the lapse of the old when negotiations for a new lease are opened. Mr. Fowler, on behalf of the Portland Estate, said negotiations took place about the last six or seven years of the term. Mr. Hunt, on behalf of the Portman Estate, replied that applications for renewal are not entertained if the lease has more than ten years to run, except under special circumstances. On the terms, Mr. Hunt replies that they vary according to the class of property *and the means of the tenant* (my italics), and proceeded :—

"The custom is to commute from one-third to one-half the estimated rent, on the 6 per cent. table, as may suit the lessee, to be paid by him as a fine; and the remainder of the rent not commuted is reserved to be paid under the lease. Sometimes, also, he said, leases were granted on the estimated rent, without a fine, and sometimes on easier terms in consideration of the improvements to be made."

Mr. Fowler replied on this head to the same effect, but the fine, he said, was a proportion, sometimes as much as one-half. If any person wishes to see how Mr. Hunt interpreted these terms in practice, let him consult Mr. Banfield's little work on "The Great Landlords of London," and especially the case of a lady milliner in Baker Street. But my present object is to draw attention to the illustrative character of the results on the Crown Estate : it shows what is going on just over the boundary, say, as one goes down Upper Regent Street, on the adjacent Portland, and the somewhat farther Portman, Estates. Confessedly, they are managed on similar or identical principles; but the enhanced rents in the case of the Crown Estate go into the Exchequer : in the case of these Portland and Portman Estates, and others like them, into the pockets of the noble lords who are so lucky as to own them.

Let me, before closing, add a few instances how these renewal rents and fines grow, taken from official sources, as were those I have given elsewhere. A lease was issued

in 1886 for 78 years for the Hotel Metropole at a rent of £6,750 a year. This was land bought of Mr. Gordon, of "Gordon's Hotels," who dealt in lots on the formation of Northumberland Avenue, and a piece of land at the back which was a wharf in Great Scotland Yard. The land on which stand now the Whitehall Court and the National Liberal Club was for the most part reclaimed from the Thames in forming the Embankment, but a little also on the inner side was in lease before at £617 13*s.* a year. In 1888 the whole plot was leased to Mr. J. T. Carr at rents amounting to £10,350 a year, but they were afterwards severed, and the National Liberal Club, dating the 9th June, 1883, got a lease of its portion for the odd £1,350 for 95 years, while the Whitehall Court bears the remaining £9,000 a year under a lease of 90¾ years from October, 1887. In 1888, also, a lease was issued for 80 years, dated July, 1886, to Mr. Geo. Heath for 105, 107, and 109, Oxford Street, together with connected premises, 16–18, Hollen Street, at a rent of £658 6*s.* 8*d.* a year, free of land tax, a property previously held at £323 10*s.* 2*d.* plus £160 for Hollen Street, but on which also a "fine" of £1,577 had been paid. This was but a modest advance in rent compared with some which might be quoted. When premises long under lease, and in a prominent or fashionable district are up for renewal the increase in the terms is, frequently, very marked. Take Louise and Co.'s premises at 266–270, Regent's Street, and 249, Oxford Street, on which a rent of £236 12*s.* used to be paid. They are now under lease for 80 years from July, 1911, at £1,600 a year. In Harley Street at 130, and 28, Park Crescent Mews West, Mr. S. R. Scott has a lease from 10th October, 1911, for 27¼ years: £210 for premises which brought in £44 previously. There is Lloyd's Bank, at the bottom of St. James' Street, newly rebuilt, now held for £3,000 a year on a lease from April, 1911, whereas the site paid a composite rent previously of £1,390 13*s.*; and a portion of the former lease was surrendered. Lord Northcliffe has leased 22, St. James' Place, on the other hand, at £550 from April, 1912, for 50½ years, whereas the rents of the sites previously were a total of £580; but he has had to bear the expense of rebuilding the premises also. The case of the United Service Club at 116–119, Pall Mall is different again. It

has added 118 and 119 to the premises, and they used to pay rents amounting to £145 12*s.* a year, but the Club had a 60 years' lease on 116 and 117 from 1904 at £2,560 a year, and they had also paid a fine of £10,000. Now they have a lease for 80 years on the whole premises from January, 1912, at £3,830 a year. These instances will suffice to show how the leasehold system works on the Crown Estate; but let me remind the reader that it works in much the same way on the private estates, and the growing rents and the fines are pocketed by private persons. These are the questions on which the public mind is so much exercised to-day, and it cannot be denied by any thoughtful citizen that such results arising from a faulty system of land tenure are of such a nature as to call for serious attention and alteration.

I had proposed to make a note of the fact that on the Crown Estate also the occupying tenant is favoured at the renewal or grant of a lease, but as it is managed on principles which have been seen at work on other estates in London, and is altogether completely illustrative of the matters at issue here, this reference must suffice now. If the chief purpose of this paper should be realised it will be recognised more widely than is now the case, how in the history of the London portion of the Crown Estate is found to our hand, indisputable instances in great variety of the manner in which our land tenure works mischief and does injustice at present in our urban districts, and particularly where the efforts of the citizens have succeeded in creating a busy and prosperous community. There are delicate questions of apportionment involved in the equitable distribution of the increasing values given to districts; but our present law does injustice and works mischief of a hugely offensive character by placing all the permanent value created in the pocket of the site-owner only. This, of course, applies to values on the Crown Estate also; and it will be surprising if an awakened, intelligent citizen will allow it to continue much longer.

As a last word here I may be allowed to add that it should be plain to every reader that the Crown Estate has been used here for illustrative purposes, and for no other purposes whatever.

Golf and the "Caddie" Question

By 4 at Walton Heath

It was time; with Anglo-Saxon gravity the "silliness" of golf has become a leading question in the country. I, too, am a golfer, an enthusiast; I cannot conceive of the Sabbath without my two rounds; for two days at least every week, wife, kids, work, duty, interest, affection, ties, public or domestic, cease to exist; I simply don't care a d——n what havoc the Furies do to pictures, statues, churches, or any other works of art, what the Government does, what anybody does—my "approaches" are all in all to me, my "screamers" straight down the course, my long-stop iron shots, and my work on the greens—those blessed greens of England, which give us the ecstasies of the Royal and Antient game. That is my confession—a true one; and it is the confession of thousands. I admit it. The game is an obsession. I lie awake at night, thinking of those tremendous "long balls" I hit, or hope to hit. In the office, I practise imaginary strokes. I have in my possession 34 drivers, 16 brassies, 3 cleeks, 7 "spoons," 22 different irons, 4 mashies, and 10 putters (I bought an aluminium only last week). I find myself longing all the week for that first "knock-off" from the tee. I know for a fact that I have neglected my work—and I did not inherit money from my father—during the last three years and that my legal reputation has sensibly begun to diminish. I have taken practically no serious interest in politics or affairs for quite five years. I even neglect love—the greatest of all indoor sports. Yes, I am a golf fiend. Had I independent means, I would take a little place near Deal and play golf for the rest of my days.

I have discussed this question with my friends, with my wife, with a famous "plus" player, with my doctor, for,

like a great many golfers, I find I have developed neurasthenic tendencies, which the more I seek to dispel by the great open-air cure of golf, the less I am able to shake off. My wife says: "Poor old boy." The "plus" player thinks I haven't quite mastered my push shots against the wind. My friends jeer. My doctor declares neurasthenia to be the pathological symptom of the game. The vexations, the constant irritations, the disappointments, the concentration demanded, the eye strain exacted, the nervous tension involved, the mental stress and "draw" necessitated by this battle between the imperfections of humanity and the mechanical perfection aimed at, the moral energy dissipated, the artificial *passivity* of temperament which is essential, the sheer egocentricity, egoism, egomania, set up automatically by a game dependent solely upon one's own skill and the retroactive depression caused inevitably by failure at it—these things, my doctor asserts, conduce to a peculiar morbid action upon the nervous system, resulting in a more or less chronic condition of sub-acute melancholia—the idiosyncrasy of the week-end golfer. I have been nearer to an outburst of hysterical weeping on the links than at any other time in life's calvary. Clubs all over the country are hospitals of neurasthenia. In the Dormy houses, tears are as near as laughter. And I have seen "pros" and boys from the shops reduced to speechlessness, as neurasthenic as we "gentlemen."

If you want to find out the temper of a man, play golf with him. I have seen cultivated men, men of learning and high intelligence, men in responsible public positions, behave like savages or lunatics, and sometimes I behave like it myself. Indeed, the pompous silliness generated by golf is one of the phenomena of the game, and apparent to all. It is a game of awe and religious silence. You must not speak or move while a fellow plays his shot. It is a common sight to see men swear frightfully at their caddies because the lad stood a little behind, too much forward, too near, because he moved a foot, his head, his hand. Some men play golf with a view (one is obliged to think) of seeing how exactingly, selfishly, and brutally they can enforce the rules; the etiquette of the game seems to afford them a cynical satisfaction, depriving them of all courtesy, all decency, all sporting spirit. The way some

men conduct themselves on the links—often good golfers —is astounding. They regard the whole links as their property. Anyone who plays knows the awful solemnity, the ludicrous pompousness, the business-like silliness, the important fussiness of golfers who appear to have no sense of humour, no generosity, no kindliness, no manners left. And it is especially the gentry who suffer from this form of self-importance. The "pros" are, as a rule, gentlemen on the course. They don't "waggle," like we do; they don't fuss and fret, as we do; they don't enforce the rules with the fuming exactitude of the gentleman golfer; as sportsmen in the game, they are head and shoulders above us. So are the playing caddies who mysteriously swing so well, and play so well—without any fuss at all, playing the game like the native Scot, that is, in an all-round spirit of human civility.

For some strange reason the camaraderie of golf leads to a silliness which becomes chronic. It evokes the old schoolboy spirit. The very terminology of the game makes for a form of imbecility; witness the stupid prints on the walls of club houses, the interminable talk about strokes, the vapid discussions in the Press about "stances," clubs, lies, positions, and the technicalities, the chaff which seems indissociable from the game, the interminable hypothetical stories, the ineffably stale, stupid and sodden "shop" talked during and after the round. All this sort of thing touches the Englishman on his schoolboy spot. He grows quite young again, telling of his powers, condoling with his partner, blackguarding the pair in front, bullying his caddie, argufying about some absurd technical point, finding excuses for this or that miss, and when he holes a long one his jubilation is indeed comic to behold; and yet I do these things, I admit, and when I return home I bore my wife with a long account of the marvels I accomplished.* The accusation that golf, as we in England play it, is an anti-social game is fully justified. On the course we men hate the sight of a skirt—it spoils our game. We men get together and like to become as schoolboys—entirely self-absorbed, indifferent to the world, selfish, silly,

* I refuse to stay anywhere now unless I can play golf. Everyone knows that the Sunday call is a thing of the past, due chiefly to golf. The worst of it is golf destroys a man's interests in scenery, society, travel, reading, and all intellectual recreation.

vapid, and "chatty"—now ready to "blubber," ludicrously "cocky" when we pocket our half-crowns or otherwise have a day of luck.

I know at least a dozen men who have ruined their careers through golf—"taken it up," you know, to the neglect of everything else. Its effects on the brain, too, are pronounced. As only a man with a wooden temperament can ever hope to excel in a game which demands mechanical precision, so the deadening effect on players is indisputable. You cannot play golf and think of other things. For the time, the mind must be a vacuum, and the deader it is, probably the better you will play. This fact is well known. Talking to one's partner is a common device of the golfing sportsman. It puts him off his game. You tell a man when you are two up that the next three holes are "your specialities"—you "always do them in four"—or you talk to him about some matter he is interested in just before he drives; the moral armoury of golf is not the least part of its equipment. After two days of golf, a man finds his mind sodden, empty. Monday morning is a terrible trial for the golfer. He is thinking of balls, clubs, greens, that shot to the fifteenth, those foozled brassie strokes, that glorious cleek approach right up to the pot, that dog-legged hole and how he took seven to "get in"—his mind is a blank; as for creative work, it is impossible. To say that golf is good for the intelligence is absurd. It is, mentally, the most blunting form of recreation a man can indulge in.

As sport for our boys, I should say golf* was the worst game possible. Being purely selfish, it discourages *esprit de corps*. It is not a game demanding bravery, strategy, or any of the fine qualities brought out by football, cricket, polo, or any team game necessitating team cohesion, intelligence, co-partnery, unselfishness, bravery, self-sacrifice, dash, exercise, and condition. The indispensable qualities for the golfer are self-confidence, the wooden temperament, and the faculty for machine-like precision. A man, without nerves, should play scratch golf all the time, and would, unquestionably. But temperament is the

* I feel so strongly about this that I told the headmaster of the school my boy is at on no account to let him play golf, or I would take him away. He learns boxing instead. Even then, with a half, he beat me last holidays.

finest thing a man has. To seek to destroy it is madness. That is why artists almost invariably, creators, that is, play such indifferent golf: they cannot concentrate on mechanics sufficiently, they cannot close the mind over a mere game; they cannot acquire the state of automata, their own temperamental personalities, the creative idiosyncrasy, being stronger than the mental anæsthesia inseparable from the golfing condition. In a word, creators cannot take the game seriously enough. It doesn't matter to them sufficiently. Long before the eighteen holes are over, their minds have wandered upon other things—with disastrous consequences to their golf, though probably they have enjoyed their round as much as anyone.

As for courage, to pretend that golf teaches men courage is nonsense. Nor is it, for young people, much of a game in the way of exercise, not comparable, for instance, with cricket, football, tennis, hockey, racquets, fives, polo, lacrosse, or any game where the players have to run —and attack. That is the point—golf has no opposition. I can find no manly qualities encouraged by golf, unless it be to take your beating like a man, but then that applies to draughts also. The golf-bred boy can know nothing of the spiritual glories of boxing, football, cricket, riding. And that is part of the silliness produced by golf: it makes men talk like idiots. Where it is indigenous, as in Scotland, it is a different matter. Golf has not made the Scots the dour, intelligent people they are, if their intelligence made the game. To pretend that golf brings out fine qualities in men is to condemn all other games, seeing that golf is a trial of virtuosity in the individual, whereas all other games are active, aggressive, because played against opposition. I agree entirely with Mr. Bosanquet. Training a boy to keep his eye on the ball may be useful as a first guide to the use of discipline, but it cannot develop the fighting qualities in him, stir him to noble thoughts, to deeds of heroism, adventure, self-sacrifice, or any other idea much beyond the parochialism of the game; and upon the mind, I contend that golf is directly and necessarily blighting.

It is because golfers know this that they dislike playing against paper, or, as we metaphysically call it, the "Colonel." A "match" gives them the idea of opposi-

tion; and creates an illusion. That is what the golfers who write to the Press mean when they talk of the "courage, fortitude, moral force," etc., roused by the game; but that is pure illusion. An opponent never touches one's ball, and should exercise no conceivable influence upon a man's game, except by hypnotic, autosuggestive, telepathic, or other moral influences, though it provides the excuse of opposition. Match play, which is the Scottish way, is certainly more sporting than stroke play; but "Bogie" is there all the same, and if you want to be a good player, he is the gentleman that matters.

If games are educational—and we English never tire of affirming their educational qualities—then golf has no more educational value than billiards, which demands much the same disposition, application, and "touch." Spelicans, too, is a good game. The only quality I can discover educationally in golf is the stimulus it gives to singleness of purpose, and this, unquestionably, is a quality. To the majority, golf is a chronic experience of "foozled" possibilities. The lad who grounds the ball behind the posts has sensations unknown to the golfer who, an he beat the Colonel every time by ten up, can only congratulate himself on being more mechanical than the machine. For no one ever stands in his way. Now, absolute precision, we know, would be very dull. Were mechanical accuracy easy to acquire, nobody would play golf. Thus, in its whole psychology golf is self-condemned as an educational game; because all that it can demand is mechanical accuracy and who, if he paused to consider it, would wish to become like a blooming engine! Man apes in golf what science apes in humanity. The cinema copies us, we try on the links to copy the machine. Thank Heaven, the cinema is a soulless glitter! Thank Heaven, even the best of golfers is apt to "crack" and miss putts.

My object in writing, however, is not to break lances with the champions of golf, which is a splendid game, or even to protest against the ridiculous importance which the game has acquired in this country. We are a nation of hobby-riders. In addition, to-day, we have become victims of sensationalism. It is no concern of mine if the so-called classes waste their time and energies over golf, though I confess the present craze seems to me highly symptomatic

of the modern care-nothing, do-nothing Englishman. The gentry, the old "ruling classes," are being so rapidly dispossessed and out-generalled in England that perhaps it is as well that they should play golf. What concerns me, what very shortly must concern Statesmen and all clear-thinking men is the army of unemployed which universal golf is creating throughout the country.

To every man who plays golf, one caddie in the lower strata is created, so that if on any given Saturday 200,000 men are playing golf in Great Britain, 200,000 caddies, too, are employed, forming a joint army of 400,000 men, the one half chasing a ball, the other moiety helping the former in pursuit. At this moment with the Boy Scout movement before us, this creation of an adult porter or lazy class is striking, if characteristic of the English want of logic and system, and a moment's reflection must show how disastrous the creation of such an army must be if steps are not soon taken to check its growth and inevitably demoralising influences. We talk about the unemployed, but here is an army of loafing men and boys—for that is the truth about them as we may readily perceive by applying the test—"Would you like your son to be a caddie?"—created by the rich for the purpose of amusement, paid very badly, too, to do nothing in life but carry sticks for all sorts of bungling, foozling, footling gentlemen who, as often as not, curse them.

It is a very curious social condition, unique to this country. The caddies are very often excellent fellows, better golfers than we are, for the most part, nor have I anything against them. On the contrary. What I see is their destruction, the formation of a new type, and a new class of men whose sole business it is to carry clubs, men liable to the same golf dementia that we suffer from, who, finding they can earn a living so easily by acting as porters, soon give up all idea of work, soon become, like the men they caddie for, golf fiends, golf slaves, and so not only become unemployed, but almost invariably unemployable.

Don't think golf only "acts" upon gentlemen. It doesn't. It enthuses the caddie as it enthuses the golfer. It makes him "keen" too; he gets up in the mornings to play on the links; he thinks about his swing, his strokes, his approaches, etc.; he, too, becomes, as we do, dead to

the outside world, caught up in the machine that enslaves him. To me, there is something shameful in the sight of a healthy, strong, able-bodied man carrying on the links, the slave attendant, for half-a-crown a day at the most, for the idle pursuit of an idle man. I cannot understand the attitude of any lad over seventeen, not physically incapable, who carries clubs. It shows, and must show, a servility, a lack of enterprise, a spirit of dead-aliveness utterly wrong in a people, significantly wrong in an island race. I never see a hulking lad take my clubs that I don't feel I am making myself, in part, responsible for his unfitness for life, or citizenship, or industry, or public usefulness.

And truly it is an awful thought, this growing class of ineffectual citizens—men who prefer to earn a minimum wage by strolling round the links than go out into the world as individuals, as citizens, as men. I know people will laugh at this "bogey," as they will call it. My answer is that the Colonel of the links is forming the nucleus of an army, as large as our National force, of ineffectual, care-nothing, do-nothing men, demoralised as a class, demoralising as a type to the country. I even go further and say that already the evil influences of these legions of useless men are making themselves felt in many subtle ways and in many not apparent directions; and that unless something is done the evil will become a curse to England.

What an example set by the rich to the poor! Think of the temptation the position of caddie offers to those who shirk work, to the boy who finds toil irksome, to all and any man to become a loafer! * For whatever nobility there is in golf, there is none in carrying a gentleman's clubs. To me, it is incredible that our legislators do not see the national danger rising out of this demoralising condition. It seems to me the most significant sign of the times, with Labour growing more and more organised, powerful, and articulate, and half the traditions of the country in the melting-pot. This caddie breed is not likely to do much off the links; that is certain. It is getting larger and larger. As the game grows, and municipal golf becomes popular, so will the army of caddie inefficients

* In America, this is keenly felt. Caddies ask and get enormous prices. In France, girls caddie. In England, where recruiting now has to be advertised, the supply of caddies equals the demand.

grow, to the general degeneration of society. It is no good pointing to the Boy Scouts with this evil spreading in our midst. If some of the boys are doing well, let us remember the other half we are turning into a servile breed of ill-paid inefficients. The State is supposed to look after the family. Here, in this caddie question, it will find food for reflection. To allow it to go on would be suicidal. Unless legislation is soon passed regulating the permissible age of caddying—and no man between the age of seventeen and thirty-five should by law be allowed to caddy, except on holidays, or in cases of physical disability—we may yet discover not only that golf has ruined the gentry, but that it has also ruined the poor.

I write what I trust is no Jeremiad, myself freely confessing that I am one of the victims. Theoretically, it seems monstrous that men should not carry their own bags. I don't. I hate it, and so do all golfers. But I do see that we sportsmen are gravely weakening the national spirit. The Japanese soldier was not brought up on golf. Nor will the English soldier be. The trouble is—and I am not denouncing the game—that in the mind's-eye of every caddie there looms the potential halo of the "pro." It keeps the caddie playing, makes him loth to abandon the game, figures as a goal to aim at in his life; as the gentleman cannot quit the game, so neither can the caddie. No young man should be encouraged to become a caddie, in other words, a porter. As a fact, the caddie question has already exercised the minds of club secretaries and officials. Soon it will exercise the conscience of England. I say deliberately: we are breeding a class of men, trained to no work, incapable of work, an army of hangers-on. No wonder the country is unwilling to "shoulder arms."

The Business Genius of "Ulster"?

By Professor T. M. Kettle

On November the Fourth, 1913, six thousand business men representing, by their own account, the Mammon of Righteousness to the extent of £145,000,000, assembled in Belfast, and rendered thanks to themselves for being very fine fellows indeed. On the same day, and on many other days since then, the present writer adventured, greatly daring, into the zone of war. I am glad to be able to testify that no passport was demanded on the frontier; my exiguous baggage was not examined, or chalked with any Rosicrucian symbol by a Customs official; no shot was fired in anger, or, indeed, even in jest. I found it unnecessary to change my poor Victorian, Edwardian, and Georgian money into any new coinage. More delightful still was it to find that this experience was not due to any personal charm, but was actually typical. Trade relations continue as of old between the Carson country and Ireland. Beef, bacon, eggs, poultry, and I know not what other such consumables, the Papistical origin of which cannot be disputed, flow North in a steady stream to maintain the physiological efficiency of the Ulster Volunteers. Linen, spun on Dolly's-Brae spindles, and woven in To-Hell-with-the-Pope looms, flows South in a regular tide to deck Catholic Convents, to be made up into priestly and even episcopal vestments of the same faith, to cuff, collar, and be-shirt Romish torsos, and to wipe Romish noses all over the land. It is not for this sombre muse to celebrate the more exquisite destinies of that Egyptian textile. The mail-bags still carry the savings of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught up to finance the manufactures of Belfast. Dublin nerves, irritated by Belfast oratory, are still soothed by Belfast tobacco. The dark, sustaining fluid, brewed on the banks of the Liffey, exchanges still for the amber ecstasy distilled at Bushmills, Derry, Coleraine, and even Belfast itself. The end of the

journey was worthy of its middle. In Cavan, in Ulster—Cavan of the Little Lakes, as the Irish poet calls it—I found a prosperous town completely occupied by a procession, numbering at least fifteen thousand. These lusty fellows did not wear their deposit receipts or share certificates in their hatbands; they wore merely the green card that stands for membership of the United Irish League. Had they and theirs throughout rural Ireland been mustered on the money-changer's ticket they could, no doubt, have dwarfed that £145,000,000. But they were a paradoxical lot. One gathered from their speech that they regarded a nation not as a joint-stock company, but as a spiritual reality, proceeding from nature, history, and the heroic imagination. Although belonging to Ulster they had the illusion of belonging also to Ireland. They had, indeed, come together for the special purpose of saying and showing that they wanted Home Rule, and intended to have it. And they were coarse enough to add that if anybody attempted by force of arms to defeat the Statute of the Union Parliament which will confer Home Rule on Ireland, they would, sadly but resolutely, decline to leave all the counter-fighting to the police and the troops.

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These facts are in many ways suggestive: they suggest immediately an examination of the business genius of Belfast. Some observations as to the business man in general seem to be necessary in order to establish a proper scale of values. The business man is as indispensable, but by no means as omniscient as he supposes himself to be. He is a specialist, but he has not specialised in statesmanship. Even in trade politics he is far from infallible, and such a pedestrian test as the Tariff controversy breaks up the solidarity of his class. To general politics he brings, indeed, a living, if not always a comprehensive, knowledge of a certain area of fact, but he brings also a sectional egotism which disposes him to lobbying, to arrangements behind the scenes, and very often to positive corruption. Indeed, Effertz, the great German economist, goes so far as to say that the legend, written over the gates of the world of business, reads: *No gentleman need apply*. If he rises, and often he does not rise, to the height of those great arguments wherein to live

by bread alone is to perish, he does not rise by any magic resident in his calling. He will multiply two by two and produce four with automatic accuracy. But that higher mathematics which takes three sounds and makes out of them a star—and to that order belongs the ultimate *rationale* of society—is not necessarily vouchsafed to him. Business men made the South African War: it was men of another type that healed that harried country by the imposition of the *Pax Britannica*. When it comes to a high act of statesmanship, it is possible to have all the business men in the world against you, and yet to be right.

I do not dwell upon such a threshold fact as the absence from that business meeting of Lord Pirrie and Mr. Carlile, although it does happen that their firm introduced ship-building into Belfast, and now dominates the industry. Nor is any proof needed that an analysis of the anonymous £145,000,000 would discover amongst its owners quite an impressive body of Home Rulers. Admitting in substance the claim that the preponderant mass of industrial capital in North-east Ireland is in Unionist hands, I propose to glance shortly at the historical sources of that phenomenon.

The prosperity of Belfast is not to be called in question. I do not at all ignore the "revelations" touching the grave and large fact of sweating, as presented in the economy of the city. But these revelations were no revelations. Everybody knows that such abasements of humanity exist everywhere. What Mr. Chiozza Money calls the Error, and what he ought to call the Scandal, of Distribution is a world-wide fact. Beneath the glittering fabric of our civilisation there stretches an infamous network of catacombs, not yet in any thorough way explored. When somebody does chance to uncover an avenue here and there, the indignation of the rest of the world is a little overdone. The economic chart which represents Belfast as The City of Sweating and Dublin as the City of Slums is a mere illusion of prejudice.

Nor need we pause upon Mr. Harold Begbie's discovery that there is not much religion in Belfast, and that what there is is not, if one may say so, very religious. That arrow would find an equally appropriate target in any other centre of industry. There is, as we shall see later, a word of another kind to be said upon these matters; but, for the

present, confining our view solely to the process of production, we shall frankly admit that the North-east of Ireland has in that sphere achieved a notable success.

What are the sources, and what is the history of this achievement? We may at once reject all popular simplifications. This success was not due to the Union, for, while in the twenty years before that event the industry had made unexampled progress, in the twenty years after it was, at best, stationary. It was not due to Free Trade. True, the present prosperity of the manufacture would be inconceivable except on the basis of Free Trade, but its curve of expansion in the nineteenth is much more influenced by such events as the American Civil War, with the consequent decline of cotton, than by the Peel-Gladstone reversal of trade policy. The theory which equates linen with Protestantism is well known. The more naïve form which makes Catholicism the religion of rags, idleness, and beggary is a mere debased superstition. If you want to study labour in Ireland at its most desperate intensity, you must go to the desolate West, and examine the dwarf holdings which the Catholic peasants have stolen from the sea, ground out of the rocks, or carried up on their backs in basketfuls, and deposited on the ledges of barren hills. What must amaze one is that Belfast linen-spinners, who are in constant intercourse with Belgium, who live, so to say, on Catholic flax, should tolerate the diffusion of such nonsense. In another form, however, the theory contains a solid kernel of truth. In Ireland to be a Protestant was to have first claim on all the ha'pence, to be a Catholic was to be residuary legatee of all the kicks. Protestants, as Grattan said, were struck out of the penalties, Catholics out of the protection of the laws. The prosperity of the North-east is, beyond all question, to be referred for its first cause to the energy, intelligence, and organising faculty of its people. A runner may win a race from the limit mark, and it is proper to emphasise the odds which he received, but, after all, it was the man who ran and not the mark. Certainly, it is not only no implication, but a flat denial, of the Nationalist position to cheapen or belittle any part of the human stuff of an indivisible nation. The Northern Irishman is made of first-rate economic metal. Protestant or Catholic he has the same strong, clicking definiteness

of speech, the same unfailing preference for sevenpence as against sixpence, the same hearty disbelief in waiting for his larks till the sky falls. But he has raised the fabric of his business achievement on the groundwork of a triple favouritism: the favouritism of government, the favouritism of nature, and the favouritism of time.

We put the favouritism of government before that of nature because that is their true historical order. Not until we enter the modern period of steam-power in manufacture and transportation do the geographical and climatic advantages of Belfast come into full play. The appeal to history is, as we all know, very ill-received in certain quarters. When it is employed merely as a picturesque asylum of refuge from the duties of to-day, we may agree in condemning it as weak; when it is used to revive old bitternesses and bigotries we shall certainly agree in condemning it as wicked. But, to return to our image. If a man with ten yards' start in a hundred has won, he really must not be allowed to dismiss his odds as past history, and to strut about as if he had broken the scratch record. People who date their politics back to the Battle of the Boyne must not be too angry with us if we date our economics back, at any rate, to the invention of the steam-engine. We cannot even escape from the necessity of so doing, for the world that comes into existence with what is called the Industrial Revolution is a world of a wholly new type. Its last product is bound up with its first in a unity deeper than that which underlies any previous period. No great capitalised industry—whether it be Yorkshire woollens, or Lancashire cotton, or Northampton leather, or Ulster linen—can be at all understood without reference to its growth immediately before and during the Coal Age.

The association of Orangeism with linen, already suggested, is by no means fantastic or even accidental. The triumph of William brought to Ireland two chief gifts: to the Catholics the Penal Laws, to the Protestants subsidies and bounties on the manufacture of linen. The story of the eighteenth century has often been told, but an inevitable frenzy of protest against its engines of spiritual tyranny has somewhat obscured its economic significance. (See Cunningham, *English Industry and Commerce*, Vol. II., pp. 373–379; Murray, *Commercial Relations*, Chap. VII.; J. M.

Robertson, *Trade and Tariffs*, pp. 53–58.) The end of the seventeenth century saw the "natural staple" of Ireland, as contemporaries truly style it, namely, the woollen trade, beginning to flourish. It had reached no great dimensions, but it was plainly on the up-grade. The home demand was supplied by domestic labour, and the Irish peasants were far better dressed than the poor of most other countries.

This internal trade did not attract either jealousy or interference. But an export trade had sprung up which attracted both. The story of its ruin is instructive. The process began with an attempt by the Irish Protestants to drive the Irish Catholics out of the industry. In 1698 they presented a petition to the Irish House of Commons complaining that in the previous six years the Papists had "gotten the third Part of the said Manufactory into their own Hands," and they humbly proposed "the disabling Papists from following or working in the Woollen Manufactory, except spinning, whereby the others may return to their former Trades, or take to the Linen Manufactory." For petitioners, they had an unusual experience; they got more than they asked. The English clothiers in turn moved the English Parliament, and the Commons drew from the King the formula of the famous and infamous "Compact":—

"I will do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and encourage the linen manufacture there, and to promote the trade of England."

It was no idle promise. Mr. Robertson gives an excellent summary of the performance. (*Trade and Tariffs*, p. 56).

I beg the reader not to recall these events merely as a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong. In that spirit they have been related only too often. I beg him to consider solely their economic significance, and to keep steadily in mind the line of continuity which runs unbroken from 1700 to 1913.

Already at the beginning of the eighteenth century we are at the dawn of that modern period, which can be construed only under the capitalistic formula. The centre of accumulated capital becomes the centre of economic development. What this penal legislation meant to Ireland was the abrupt striking away of one of her

two natural bases of accumulation. The still more desperate case of the other, namely, the land, is one of the most sordid commonplaces of history. For agriculture and the woollen trade were the sources of that priority in capitalism through which England, evolving naturally, still dominates the world. So necessary is it to turn Irish history out of the traditional backwash of the compilers into the main river of general history that no apology is needed for referring on one point to Mr. Hobson's *Evolution of Capitalism*, and, as regards the other, for quoting a couple of sentences from Professor W. J. Ashley's classic chapter (*Economic History*, Part II., p. 191):—

"The history of English wool and cloth has a two-fold interest: it explains the origin of the wealth of England, and it illustrates, with peculiar clearness, the development of industry. . . . Cloth became 'the basis of our wealth' (Berkeley), and at the end of the seventeenth century, woollen goods were 'two-thirds of England's exports' (Davenant)."

The land of Ireland was fertile, wool was her native staple, and where England went in the eighteenth century there also, but for legislative denial of the grace of God, had she also gone. With her woollen export banned Ireland was cast back upon linen, and with the development of that manufacture her progress in capitalism is thenceforth, and to this day, bound up. The "Compact," as Mr. Robertson points out, was kept about as honourably as the Treaty of Limerick: it was not an age of delicate observance. But with that aspect of the matter we are not for the moment concerned. What does greatly concern our inquiry is the fact that, from its institution, the linen industry was, by successive Statutes and by administrative pressure, confined to the North-east and to the Protestants. The Huguenot artisans who were invited to transfer their skill from France and the Netherlands would, in any case, have settled naturally among the Scotch Presbyterians in that part of the country. From the first they were forbidden, by the 14 and 15 Charles II., to teach any other than Protestant apprentices. When Crommelin was induced by a generous patent to come over from Picardy in 1698, having fixed on Lisburn as his headquarters, he proposed to extend the manufacture to Leinster with Kilkenny for centre. At

once, in Miss Murray's words, "a fierce opposition arose," and the proposal was strangled. Eighteenth and early nineteenth century writers were under no delusion as to the real causes at work. Dobbs, Berkeley, Young, Newenham, and Wakefield are all fairly definite on the matter. Thus, Newenham testifies that the immunities enjoyed exclusively by Protestant weavers, wheel makers, flax dressers, and others under 19 Geo. II. c. 6—an Act consolidating a long succession of previous Acts—probably contributed to confine the linen manufacture to the province of Ulster. And Young writes:—

"The only considerable manufacture in Ireland which carries in all its parts the appearance of industry is the linen, and it ought never to be forgotten that this is solely confined to the Protestant parts of the Kingdom; yet we may see from the example of France and other countries that there is nothing in the Roman Catholic religion itself that is incompatible with manufacturing industry. The poor Catholics in the South of Ireland spin wool very generally, but the purchase of their labour and the whole worsted trade is in the hands of the Quakers of Clonmel, Carrick, and Bandon. The fact is, the possessors of that religion are under such discouragement that they cannot engage in any trade which requires both industry and capital."

Young's reference to these three Munster towns is significant. The fact is, of course, that the trade guilds and the public authority in every urban centre were exclusively Protestant. Privilege on privilege was heaped upon them: burden on burden was imposed on the Catholics, who were no better than voteless serfs. Not until 1840 were they to enjoy anything resembling fair play, and not until 1898 was the process to be completed.

Linen, then, becomes the basis of modern capitalism in Ireland. It is of set policy confined to Protestants, and naturally centres in the Protestant North-east. It grows up in the sunshine of State favouritism. The "Compact" of 1698 was not, indeed, faithfully observed, and the export trade did not reach its highest expansion until Grattan, the representative of the Home Rule idea of that day, gave Ireland Free Trade outwards, and gave the Protestant colony an autonomous Parliament. But none the less the

manufacture was steadily subsidised and bounty-fed out of both British and Irish public moneys. Chisholm, in his Great Account, estimates the amount so received during the eighteenth century at £2,700,000. It is, further, to be remembered that the protective duties levied on linen imports were continued for twenty years after the Union, and that the Linen Board, which was charged with the distribution of grants-in-aid, was not dissolved till 1827. Protestant Ulster, in brief, enters the steam-power age with a great stock of capital accumulated on the basis of ascendancy and favouritism. The Catholic population enters it debilitated by oppression, poverty-stricken, except for an odd grazier or provision dealer, the hopeless underdog of an impossible land system. And at this point a word must be said about that primary source of accumulation. The tenure of the Catholics bore in all its features the impress of the "settlements" and the Penal Code. There was absolutely no security for the tenant. To prosper was to be flayed with rack-rents; to invest capital was to invite confiscation. The Protestant North, on the other hand, had, after what Mr. Erskine Childers styles (*Framework of Home Rule*, p. 15) "a small civil war" in 1770, forced the landlords to return to the seventeenth century fixity of tenure. The methods by which this Ulster custom was re-established may be studied at large, and with profit. in Mr. F. J. Bigger's *Ulster Land War*: they are sufficiently indicated in the famous description of Ulster tenant-right as "an insurance against assassination." That savings, accumulated upon it as a foundation, went largely to finance the linen industry is no mere modern or *ad hoc* construction. It is the definite judgment of the Irish investigators employed by the Hand Loom Weavers' Commission of 1840.

The Protestants enjoyed further the favour of the State in the matter of banking. The modern credit system is one of the most important factors in the "Industrial Revolution," and its controlling centre in Ireland, the Bank of Ireland, was a purely Protestant institution. That till this day it retains that bias is very clear from the statement of the Rt. Hon. L. A. Waldron, P.C., the leader of the Dublin Stock Exchange, before the Primrose Committee.

The further one searches into these interlinked lines of

causation which explain economic success, the longer grows the list of make-weights dropped into the "Ulster" scale. The Act of Union, for instance, coming simultaneously with the growing importance of coal, fixed the import duty on that article for Dublin at 1*s.* 8⅓*d.*, for Belfast at 9½*d.* per ton. Belfast was allowed to commute this lower rate for an extra duty on spirits, Dublin was refused permission to do so. Again, Belfast had the singular good fortune to escape, during its period of great initial expansion, the burden of ground rack-rents. The generous leases granted by the Marquess of Donegal made it, in this regard, the most favoured city in the United Kingdom.

This last piece of good luck is not, of course, to be ascribed to sectarian ascendancy, and yet it is, in a fashion, a bye-product of it. The internal religious homogeneity of Protestant Ulster has been a factor of considerable economic importance in its life. That homogeneity was due, in large measure, to the Penal code. A common hatred and contempt of the Catholics did much to diminish the normal friction between the classes, binding together land-owner and farmer, capitalist and worker, in a unity not greatly inferior in thoroughness to the national unity of England, although incalculably less respectable. And the fact that North-east Ulster was Protestant worked in with, and richly reinforced, the geographical advantages which it began to realise fully in the nineteenth century. The substance of its superiority in this respect consisted simply in proximity to the coal-fields of Ayrshire, Cumberland, and Lancashire. The "pull" exerted by these deposits of the raw material of power is accepted in English industrial history as a commonplace of geology, not as a triumph of Protestantism. The English North does not gibe at the English South because the centre of population and manufacture shifted from the latter to the former between 1800 and 1860. Norwich yields the priority in woollens to Yorkshire, cotton gravitates to Lancashire, and ship-building to the Clyde, and nobody thinks of blaming the Pope for the change. Belfast is lucky enough to come within the magic circle which stands out so vividly on any economic map, the circle of coal, iron, steel, engines, textile machinery. Kinship of race, and identity of religion secure to her the most intimate intercourse with Lancashire

and the Clyde district, especially with the latter. When Mr. Harland comes from England to build ships, he fixes on North-east Ireland for his centre by an impulsion even stronger, if possible, than that which had drawn Crommelin there a hundred and fifty years earlier. Her actual building of ships develops as an offshoot of the great port of Liverpool. The introduction of it places the city in that position of productive strength peculiar to communities in which the men find employment in a metal, the women in a textile, industry.

What has been called the favouritism of time had perhaps better be regarded as the working-out of a sort of sorites, or cumulative principle. In economic life nothing succeeds like success. Nothing fails like failure. If you examine any society that has succeeded in production—none has so far succeeded in distribution—you will find that that success has grown up organically cell by cell from deep roots. The importance of the time-element is vividly suggested in two phrases, exaggerated but provocative of reflection. On the one hand you have the dictum that it takes three generations to produce a good artisan. On the other the declaration of a great economist that there is not a nail in a horseshoe in England, but can be traced back to savings made before the Norman Conquest. All these stars fought in their courses for North-east Ulster. She entered the modern period with an industry already localised and traditional. What that means is well understood by business men who have also dipped into economic history. (Marshall, *Principles*, p. 271.)

The North-East had all these advantages, and even more. The national instinct and pride of Ireland, to the political recognition of which "Ulster" is so blindly hostile, have ever been her best advertising agent.

These factors, wholly disregarded in most current controversies, show the economic achievement of Orange Ireland in a very different light. Not the magic of Protestantism, not superior energy or intelligence, but a complex favouritism and a long start supply the real clue to present conditions. What matters most as to the future

is that the balance of advantage is already in train of redressing itself.

On the basis of land purchase wealth is accumulating rapidly in non-Protestant Ireland. It is finding its way into a more intensive agriculture, and will inevitably find its way into manufactures. On the other hand, linen belongs to the lowest grade of the textile industries. It rests on cheap labour, and it is not expanding. The future of Belfast shipbuilding is at least uncertain. The "pull" of Southampton, or of other ports may gravely imperil its stability. With the rise in food prices and the new shape given to the old conflict between country and town a race of farmers, trained in modern methods, and enjoying what is now, perhaps, the best land system in Europe, stands an excellent chance of reversing in the twentieth century the process of the nineteenth. It is no time for any steady-minded Belfast business man to cry cock-a-hoop. Nor is that the only respect in which their common-sense adjusts itself inadequately to realities. If there is a city in the United Kingdom that ought to hold to Free Trade as its sheet-anchor, it is Belfast. Practically all her industries are dependent on imported raw materials, and imported coal. Her large foreign market for linen is peculiarly open to retaliatory duties. Her own industrial leaders, in their less inflamed moments, admit all this. And yet she tacks herself on to the tail of the Tariff Reform Party, asking as sole condition that that party shall never allow the waters of the Boyne to lose their ancient bitterness. Cursing the Pope turns no mill-wheels. Crying stinking fish over the country in which you live, and the countrymen who help to finance you, is, even in the region of pounds, shillings, and pence, a doubtful policy. Nationalist Ireland is no longer a pleading beggar: the image is rather that of a strong man, self-liberated from some of his bonds, straining against the last strands of the remainder, growing in wealth, education, and hope, becoming conscious of new worlds to be conquered. Decidedly a man whose outstretched hand it would be well to take when he offers it.

Reality and Politics

By the Editor

When Captain ——, of the Nationalist Army in Ireland, walked into the office the other day, he looked all over the fighting man. He made me feel the muscles of his forearm—he had been drilling and boxing three hours a day; the muscles of his thighs—he was in the saddle most afternoons; bronzed as a Cup Polo champion, bright and firm of eye, and "Sure," he said, "I'd be after taking on any of the boys," by whom he meant the soldiers of the rival Army. He talked, as Irishmen do talk, delightfully, in that spontaneous, hayrush way reminiscent of the Charles Lever tradition; told me that Ireland was full of hope and fight, just priming for grips; and when I asked him about the gun-running achievement, he bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"A great work," he said. "Good lads, those Carsonites," and then he narrated how proud the Nationalist men were of the "splendid show put up" by the Protestants, worthy of the Irish quality; with what national satisfaction Home Rulers greeted the anti-Home Rulers' exploitation of the English policy; how, too, on one occasion, when his company met and marched past a regiment of the opposition Army, the leaders on both sides had called out in mutual respect "Eyes right"; and how thus, eye to eye, they had saluted, like true-born fighting Irishmen.

"If that is so," I remarked, "then, with a very little help from the English side, General Redmond would have no difficulty in breaking up General Carson's Army, and perhaps that would be the best way." But at that my friend leapt to his feet. "An English argument," he retorted. "I thought you would know better than to talk like a politician." Then he explained. Home Rule was an

Irish question—it could only be solved by Irishmen. Let an English regiment intervene in the rights and wrongs of that "poor distressed country," and the ranks of the rival forces would close automatically in defence of Ireland's unity. "We would fight together," he declared, "against the alien intruder, as, on the other hand, fighting there will have to be if the English keep out of it." "Have to be?" "Sure," he remarked; "and why not? Unless, unless——" "Unless," I repeated, expecting to hear of some strange and statesmanlike solution. "Unless," he went on, "the Government leave the settlement of the matter to the Irish, when it would probably be arranged in a year."

"Let Ireland float. Give over your English tutelage. Alone, North to South, we would soon find a common denominator and denomination, if only in the hatred we all bear to the English Union. If the Prime Minister went down to the House and wrote off Home Rule from the political tablet, we would soon have a United Ireland, because there would be nothing much to fight for or against. Ireland for Ireland—that's the thing. But an Ireland made by Englishmen—never!"

If it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the elements that constitute politics and the forces, far deeper, far stronger, which spring from reality, we all know now enough about the Irish question to realise that here we are confronted with fierce truths. When Bismarck attacked Catholicism, he was beaten because he never grasped the essential difference between the two powers. Boulanger, on the other hand, failed because his movement was politics; as our attitude was in regard to Mr. Krüger, as the German Emperor's attitude was in regard to Social Democracy, which has since grown to the greatest constitutional force known in history. The "Militant" movement, again, is politics pure and simple. And since Mr. McKenna has made the mistake of treating it as reality, and by appealing to the newspapers to suppress reports of Suffragist outrages has committed the Ministry to a political blunder, seeing that the Press in this country is not an integral part of the Government, and exists for the purpose of the dissemination of news, for the office of criticism,

and for the rights of individual and public liberty, on the eve of a crisis as profound as any that has threatened England within the last hundred years, perhaps it is as well that journalism should take up the direction of the Irish muddle, too, and suggest to Ministers their business and duty. Now the whole trouble about Ireland is this confusion of politics.

The fantastic part of it is that both English parties know that they are standing on their heads, and that as neither can now hope to achieve what is called a political victory, so only chance, providence, or some untoward and totally unforeseen event, such as a foreign war, can extricate Parliament from the difficulty. By appealing to force, by official association with rebellion, Conservatism has shown itself to be the enemy of Constitutional Government and civilised society in no whit less a manner than the outrageous women. By seeking to impose a policy of force upon a million otherwise peaceful citizens. Liberalism allies herself with dictatorial violence, which is the negation of the Liberal idea. So much for the principles of the two Parties, one of which stands cynically convicted of intentional treason towards the King and the State, whereas the other is tentatively meditating it. Of the two, the Liberal position is the more flagrant. The whole purpose and truth of Liberalism lying in constitutional sanity, in rule by consent, in methods of peace, the attitude of a Liberal Government pledged to a policy of force is necessarily a travesty not only of its philosophy and ideals, but of the articulacy which forms its justification. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law, know that, of course. As they face one another at Westminster they must feel sympathetically and unhappily disastrous—Mr. Bonar Law who fears he may be compelled to be the leader of the rebellion; Mr. Asquith who would he were the man to suppress it. A pretty bout of political fencing, no doubt. For each one knows the other's possibilities of prestidigitation, the unreality of their own several and joint manifestations. Behind them looms a reality which, for all their toying with it, they are unable to compass. Afraid of it, because trying to treat it as politics, they are like marionettes on two pieces of string. Carson dangles the one,

Redmond the other, and dangling both Carson and Redmond is the mocking truth of Ireland, master of both jig and ceremony.

When Liberalism took over Mr. Gladstone's legacy, it forgot that Home Rule in its application was an Irish question; that the Irish were not Englishmen; that, when it came to the point, Ulster might upset philosophical calculations by being Irish enough to insist upon being English, and that such a conjuncture, once it arose, would place Liberalism in a blind alley. In short, the politicians were not statesmen, in that they neglected to inquire into the psychology of the Irish people, neglected to take precautions, neglected to have any alternative policy ready, neglected even to gauge the intensity of the Protestant opposition, thinking mainly of the lofty principles they were advocating, mindful only of the constitutional machinery which they employ and sanction. Hence the present situation. If it were an insular question, Liberalism might proceed; but that is precisely what it isn't. Not only is it an Irish problem, it is a religious problem; not only is it NOT (except by consent, which is lacking) an English Party question, it is in all its essentials anti-English—in other words, national.

When nationalism and religion are combined, politics, as they work from the hustings, cease to exist. At once the appeal is fanatical, ignorant, blind. Home Rulers may know that the "Catholic danger" is nonsense; that Home Rule would give to Ireland what that poor country is most in need of: freedom of conscience and expression (personally I am a Home Ruler because I sincerely hold that view); the question really is, not what the would-be benefactors of Ireland think about the matter, but absolutely what the people themselves think, who are to be the recipients of our largesse. Obviously, without their consent Home Rule is bound to fail, if only for the reason that the form of government it is proposed to give them depends for its very existence on constitutional procedure, which means rule by common consent. What are we offering to Ulster is politics, the blessings of Government by suffrage. Un-

fortunately, the North is not in the mood for politics. After all, there are only two ways of rule. A people can be governed by force, which is the old way, or it can agree to be governed by itself, which is the manner of the modern world. But no people has yet learnt the art of taking it both ways. If Ulster says, "No, this is too real for us; we don't want politics, an Irish Parliament, a Catholic Ministry; we are Englishmen, and we mean to remain so," how can any Liberal Government compel them to become Irish, denationalise a million people, and force upon them a polity the whole logic of which is based upon popular and peaceful co-operation.

It can't. It cannot even connive at it; and no one knows that better than Sir Edward Carson.

All this is very hard on Liberalism, the chief fault and weakness of which as a political party is that it is necessarily in advance of the times, for otherwise it would not be constructive. Politically, one sympathises with the youth of the Party, who would "go ahead" at any price, but as that would not be Liberalism, it may be dismissed in its relation to policy. None the less, Home Rule is assured; whatever happens, Mr. Redmond must win to his end—which is all that any Englishman has the right to demand. There are now two Armies. They can fight it out if the worst comes to the worst; that fighting of a kind will take place anyhow is almost a foregone conclusion: the thing for England is to see that she is not held responsible for more murder than is necessary; that she does all within her power to lessen the difficulties and restrain the emotions; that she preserves, at any rate, a clean conscience.

This can only be effected by dropping the attitude of politics and treating Ireland as a national problem. Mr. Asquith has a clear mandate to give Ireland Home Rule; without doubt he will do so. But unless he is prepared to incur the responsibility for civil war, which incidentally would throw him out of office, he must now acquire that statesmanlike command which controls destinies.

Now civil war is the one thing no Liberal Government can face; and so much being indisputable, Mr. Asquith has but two alternatives. He can appeal to the country, submit the question of coercive Home Rule to the electorate. Or he can carry out the Party pledge to the Irish and give them Home Rule, leaving Ulster out of the settlement without a time limit, without any irritating imponderabilia, trusting to the healing charm of time and to the influences of natural development. He has, of course, a third alternative, which is to withdraw the Bill and Bills pending the constitution of a new measure drawn up, as far as is humanly possible, in agreement with the two litigious factions, the good will and interests of *both* of whom by virtue of his office he is morally called upon to uphold.

Of these, an appeal to the country would seem the least desirable because the least useful. The Conservative contention that Home Rule has not been submitted as a policy to the people is mere subterfuge; but, apart from that, with Food Taxes and Protection hanging over the English public as alternative, it is more than doubtful whether the actual question of Home Rule would come into the balance. Naturally, England cares much more for her own pockets than for those of Irishmen; Mr. Bonar Law is as pledged to Protection as Mr. Asquith is to Home Rule; of the two policies, revolution in Ireland, or the revolution of our Fiscal system, probably Englishmen would give the honour to the Irish. The majority might be reduced, of course, brought down to a mere fraction; but what of that? Mr. Asquith would have to go ahead with his policy just the same, and things would be much as they are. Besides, the Irish question must be settled. That is quintessential to the life of our Party system. If the Conservatives were to come in, the first thing they would have to tackle would be this Irish business. At most the positions would be reversed. If Sir Edward Carson led the incoming Conservative Government he would be face to face with a Nationalist armed rising, in the same predicament in which Liberalism now stands, confronted with a violence even more determined, more formidable than that with which he opposes Mr. Redmond; in short, in even a more parlous situation, out of which

war would inevitably arise. No good, so far as Ireland is concerned, can come out of an election which would have to be fought in this country on the economic question of Protection. Political heritages are dangerous things. If Liberalism owes its present plight to Mr. Gladstone, Conservatism is equally hypothecated to the amateur recklessness of Mr. Chamberlain.

The last alternative is possible, if scarcely conceivable, owing to the dependency of Liberalism upon the Nationalist vote. A great statesman, a man of the stamp of Parnell, would no doubt take it, as Peel recanted in the case of the Corn Laws; but the question is whether any statesman now could re-become master of a situation which, through drift and indecision, has lost even the semblance of constitutional authority. It would depend, too, entirely upon the statesmanship of Mr. Redmond; whether, that is, he would prefer Home Rule at any price, to the torso of a Home Rule with peace, looking rather ahead than at the moment for his victory. A truly big man would probably decide on that course; would suspend the Amending patchwork Bill and the Bill itself, would declare boldly the intention of England to prevent Civil War in Ireland, and so by sheer force of will and character shatter the Coalition system which is the real obstacle to construction.

Failing that, Mr. Asquith can only proceed on the lines of compromise and concession conceded by the Amending Bill, and what other Bills are necessary; and if he is firm enough yet conciliatory enough, such would seem a solution The question that really matters is not the kind of Home Rule that Mr. Redmond provisionally obtains, but that Ireland should not be plunged in an absurd religious warfare which, if Christianity does nothing to prevent, it is the paramount duty of Ministers to keep out of the red pages of history. It should not be an uncongenial task for a modern statesman, for once in a way bearing the cross of Christ in the prosaic cause of peace and national prosperity, keeping a civic throttle on the blood-lust of religious ignorance and fanaticism, in the pose of a moral teacher.

An imaginative man, such as Disraeli, would see the opportunities readily enough. He would electrify the House with a new definition of Christianity, explain the forgotten words of the Christ, show Sir Edward Carson that Calvin was a very evil, because a very bigoted, cruel, revengeful, and ignorant fellow, show Catholicism that Home Rule had nothing to do with Purgatory, Paradise, or even Jerusalem; that it meant Ireland for Ireland, not Ireland for the Pope; that it meant education, enlightenment, liberty, freedom of thought, and all the other empiric virtues given to man by the French Revolution, including an original Irish Labour problem, and many others to follow. The poet, Yeats, would do all this admirably. Mr. Birrell admits religion to be the crux, as it generally is in this country. Why, then, neglect to expropriate it? Why are the Ministers silent on this question? At bottom, that is the issue. These men of Carson's honestly believe that Home Rule would clap the claws of Jesuitism upon the land. At Belfast a rigid system of mediæval religious boycott of books is maintained. The name of God is taken in vain, as were the Spanish king about to invade the country. Throughout Ulster, bigotry is the brooch and buckle of allegiance. Yet Mr. Asquith looks on politically; never seems to reflect that Home Rule, as a useful policy, is impossible so long as religious intolerance goads men into rebellion; that it is the Pit, and not Parliament, which is the cause of the whole dilemma.

The Bible—once more applied politically. "O Lord, give peace in our time!" But Carson says, "O Lord, give us strength to defeat our adversaries!" Militant Christianity! Get rid of the religious fanaticism, and there would be an end to all further opposition, and the people of Ulster could no longer pretend that they were Englishmen who loved England. In the teeth of bigoted ignorance, what use is it for Ministers to talk politics, for a Cabinet composed of philosophers, metaphysicians, agnostics, and the usual heterogeneity of beliefs to treat Ireland on the plane of normal political accidence, when the cry in Ulster is "No Popery!" and in the rest of Ireland "Rome!"? As well ask the Chinese to avoid opium. We have got into this mess largely owing to our

lack of poetic imagination. We have left out of account the nebulosities of the Celtic mind; we have forgotten how backward the Irish are as a people in scientific culture; forgotten that Ireland is still the land of religious blood-feud and darkness.

That is why, if Ministers cannot get down to the level of the Irish psychology, journalism with its more imaginative freedom can, and is in duty bound to. It has the right to beseech the Government not to treat the Irish question as politics, but to regard it as reality for the common good of human progress. And those who are Home Rulers may do this all the more sincerely because they believe in the educational and redeeming qualities of autonomous government.

Let Mr. Asquith go steadily forward in full respect of the Ulster conscience, fulfil his compact with the Nationalists and instal a Parliament in Dublin, leaving Ulster out of the purview of its operations. He will have done his duty, done all that an Engish Minister humanly can do. The problem will then be Irish, local, parochially idiosyncratic, no longer a burden on the English electorate. Its solution may take time, but that is not necessarily a disadvantage; the issue will depend on the Catholicity of Mr. Redmond's Diet. We unimaginative English cannot be held responsible for the vagaries of the Irish temperament, but we are responsible for our own sanity. There will be rows, bloodshed, an Irish crisis or two, thwackings at the local *feis*, to be sure. But once Ireland has a Government, Ulster will find itself in a risible condition of isolation and disability, like a Potenate State in one of the Russian ballets; and if there is genius in the Irish race it will come out. When Ulster sees Apostolic Ireland quietly going about its business, realises that henceforth interference on the part of England is no longer an electioneering asset, it will indeed be very tremendously surprising if Irish national blood does not within a decade prove thicker than the water which separates a United Ireland from their "brotherhood" on the other Island.

The Russians at Drury Lane

THREE years ago the Ballet was non-existent in England; to-day the Beecham management snuffs out Covent Garden. The *grand chic* this season is the "Lane." Arabesques, fouettés, entrechat-six, and elevation—these are the things, as in the good old days of Cerito. Wonderful! And the "upper" house is as wonderful as the stage. People mount the stairs to see them—the Henry Arthur Jones villain sombreros, the Egyptian coiffures of the ladies, the waistcoats of poets, the side-whiskers *à la* Café Royal, the shawls and kissing-curls, the nightly kaleidoscopic assembly of "creators" from Vorticists upwards, such as only Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay ever succeeded in attracting in a British auditorium.

The drama-ballet is more varied and splendiferous than ever—so new, in fact, that here things must be said. There was controversy last year; this time there is contention. What was attributed before to the absence of M. Fokine cannot now be ascribed to the absence of Nijinsky, who with his sister is a real loss. The fact is the Ballet is becoming a new art projection, etiolating rapidly into pantomime. Rhythm is being displaced by shock and "colour" effect. Instead of the expression of the music, the Ballet is being deposed from its position as the accessory of drama to the rather specious background of what might be called "living music."

In other ways, too, there are signs of anæmia, the anæmia of Parisian æstheticity.

Scheherezade, that orgiastic riot of Slavonic imagination, has been spoilt. There is no Karsavina, there is no Simian Nijinsky of a negro; the first part has now a Western, precious colour, phrased to tenuity: the orgasm of the production has gone, and with it its symphonic curtain. True, as played this season, it leads to a sharper climax, but at the cost of its character, its Barbaric truth; nor are the new costumes by any means as effective. Why?

The answer lies in the spirit of the new productions. It would be unjust to criticise Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* in the absence of the chorus, but beautiful, melodic, atmospheric as it is, there is a sameness about its choreography which reduces it almost to a monochrome. After *Carnaval*, *Papillons* is a poor thing, thinly scored, inchoate; and the same must be said of *Midas*, where, for once in a way, the colour scheme fails. Stravinsky—he deserves a paragraph to himself.

If *Petrouchka* is one of the best things in the Russians' repertoire, *Rossignol* is Stravinsky, the young man, rebellious rather than true, the seeker, experimenting as in his *Sacré du Printemps*. The noises are strangely reminiscent of Signor Ruffalo's Futurist orchestra of "roarers" and squealers: ugly, odd, insincere, based on no foundations. But for the colossal *décor*, the *cocasserie* of colour, movement, mime and fantasy, the purple of its theatrical magnificence, forming a stupendous spectacle, *Rossignol* touches no human chord: the bizarre strepitancy of the music is not a thing of joy; the song of the poor bird is really sardonically strained and artificial. There are bits of greatness in it, the fisherman's music, some of the "Chinesery," otherwise it is a beautiful pantomime vitiated by deliberate freakishness. That Stravinsky has a splendid talent is obvious; the question is its application to the forms of ballet-drama—and really after *Rossignol* Glück is refreshing, or even someone earlier.

The disquieting note is this Parisian preciosity, the Semitic glitter, which has come into these living-music productions; the attempt, which ceases to be an illusion, to astonish. One almost fears that next time they will come over with a ballet presenting the threnody of the red banana or the love-affair of Mademoiselle Petrol, after Marinetti. So far, this does not apply to *Le Coq d'or*, none of the novelties can compare with the original ballets, with the awe of *Cleopatra*, the ravishment of *Sylphides*, the ferocity of the old *Scheherezade*, the godliness of *Igor*. As pantomime pure, some of these productions are beautiful beyond belief. But dancing depends on rhythm, which is what these modern composers affect to despise. It is not that *Rossignol*, for instance, is not an extraordinary production, it is: it is super-extraordinary, clotted and sicklied-o'er,

with extraordinarinesses. But it constricts the ballet into pantomime, constricts the pantomime into spectacularity. And the dance has suffered. Pose has taken its place, the neo-Greek school of movement. It has become more edifying, better educated. One feels a lack of dignity, restraint, corpuscle. The music may be quite above our understanding; that is not the point. Hitherto the wonderful thing about these Russians has been the co-ordination and cumulative harmony of the two arts, dancing and music, as the medium of drama, but in the new productions the discords are not interblended, nor can there well be true prose-gesture with whooping-cough syncopation and disharmony. Now the Ballet is the product of a school. These dancers could not move or pose as they did but for their training in technique, which is more or less ordered and defined by plastic limitations. They are not experimental. If it is the object of the new musicians to break all rules, they are not writing ballet-music which has grown up out of definite forms, the grammar of which, owing to the laws of anatomy and gravity, cannot be indefinite. Monumental as the new experiments in sound may be, they may yet be incongruous to the ballet. And musical delirium does not seem expressible in the dance, still less the modern development of "funny-cuts" musicality. The new music seems to aim at constraining the sister art. But mere oddity cannot be danced, or interpreted. To use the Ballet for experimental musical devices is unkind to the dancers; moreover, it is apt to be tiresome. One sees the effort. We feel the difficulty of the two combinations. Now in the old Ballets the three arts worked as one embodiment of application.

None the less, the Ballet is unique, a perpetual delight. Whether the new ballet-musicians will continue seeking to transmogrify the art of sound into mathematics is a question which time and taste will solve, but certain it is that the new experiments in music jar with the art adapted to it, so much so that in *Midas*, for example, as last year in *Jeu*, instead of emotion we get only a sensation of singularity. "Don't let us be beautiful, but odd" may be a sound principle in musical progress; unfortunately the dancers are educated to be beautiful, and as the music gets further and further away from the canons of the Ballet

ideal a new school of dancing will have to arise if only as complement to its significance. There are times when plainly the *corps-de-ballet* has no part in the interpretation. A hiatus divides the two arts, never the case with the old Ballets. The dramatic element wanes. One is left wondering—whether these people are pulling our legs, or whether we are just fossil passéists. Byzantinism without a doubt, an art groping from no standards. Its danger patently is self-combustion. The spectacle tends to dethrone the dance; the music to defeat human gesture. One would very seriously like to know what the Ballet Master said when the new scores came in; what the composers thought when they saw the Ballet, so discordant do they sometimes seem, like the cacophonies and rugosities which inspire them.

The Russian opera, however, has not come under the influence of Reinhardt or Münich. Nothing finer than the Choral March in *Ivan*, the acting and singing of the crowd in *Boris*, has been seen. This, and Chaliapine, are unalloyed Russian, pure as the steppes, blasts out of the soul of Russia. So Drury Lane has become the Mecca of æsthetic London.

S. O.

Books

ART AND MUSIC

THE DANCE. By TROY and MARGARET WEST KINNEY. (Heinemann.) 15*s.* net.

Another work on the Dance, and why not?—a sound, lay exposition and historical review of dancing by "professionals" who know what they are writing about. Quite a work to have in these days of the dance revival, with many excellent photographs of poses, steps, positions, and attitudes, ranging from earliest times to the *entrechat six* of the Russians, even down to the Tango and the very latest ballroom craze with designs to explain them. It is an odd reflection to find that it is due to Christianity that dancing, as an art, was given to civilisation; that one, Father Menestrier in fact, "saved" the dance, himself writing an admirable book on dancing in relation to religious ritual, which he recommended as the "rhythm of angels" to men in search of salvation. And to this day we may find the ballet in Seville Cathedral, where the choreographic ritual is called *Los Seises*. But it was France which developed and made it a great art—Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV., who was a fine performer and enthusiast. A good account is given of Camargo, the first great ballerina, from whom many of the grand ballet steps originated, and from that moment France became the home of choreography. Though Queen Bess was very fond of dancing, we have never had any national dance, except the hornpipe and the Morris dances, for which, no doubt, we have to thank Puritanism. The book does full justice to the Spanish dance—the most beautiful of all dancing; gives the story of Isadora Duncan's effect on the Russian ballet, which there and then, under the genial initiative of Fokine, seceded from the French traditions and became what they are to-day, the most consummate and æsthetic all-round *corps-de-ballet* the world has ever seen. It is good to hear of the Irish *feis* celebrated in America, thus surviving exterritorially; but 'tis a dismal picture of our English dancing ineptitude through history. However, we have begun to dance again. This compilation of "the Kinneys" should encourage us.

WAGNER AS MAN AND ARTIST. By ERNEST NEWMAN. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.)

There are so many bad books about music and (especially) about musicians that, on the whole, the world would probably be better off if not a single line had been written at all. Incredibly silly little biographies of composers have contributed more than anything else to the false, romantic view of music taken by too many people at the present day. Mr. Newman's book, needless to say, is not one of these. On the contrary, one of its main objects is to show just how ludicrously sentimental have been most of the books written about Wagner—and by so doing Mr. Newman has performed a real service to music.

The main portion of the book—there are two interesting appendices and a quite admirable introduction—is divided into three parts: The Man; The Artist in Theory; The Artist in Practice. Within a limited space it is obviously impossible to do adequate justice to any one of them; but it should be pointed out that, in the last, Mr. Newman very wisely spares us any detailed analysis of the Operas as unnecessary at this time of day. What he does do is to insist over and over again on what all musicians have always known in their hearts to be true:—to wit, that Wagner, despite his own statements to the contrary, was a musician first—a long way first—and a philosopher-dramatist afterwards. Moreover, it becomes increasingly clear, in the light of Mr. Newman's searching analysis, that Wagner's methods were intuitive rather than intellectual. Even the form of the Tetralogy itself is shown to be the result of dramatic instinct rather than of a reasoned plan. This will come as a great shock to the more ignorant Wagnerians who, not content with being deceived by the intellectual explanations of their hero and his work given by Wagner himself, prefer to live in a fact-tight compartment of their own invention. On one or two points, of course, everybody will prefer his own opinion to Mr. Newman's. For instance, some musicians will not quite agree with his criticisms on the use of certain *leit-motifs*; nor can the Mozart-lover admit for a moment his implied suggestion that Mozart had not as great a sense of musical characterisation, of dramatic appropriateness as Wagner. Not even the passion of Tristan and Isolde in the garden seems to many of us to surpass the tenderness of Pamina and Tamino before the trials of Fire and Water. But that is

quite unimportant. What is so splendid about Mr. Newman's book is the fearless intellectuality—some people may even consider it exaggerated—which he brings to bear on the various problems hitherto treated in so sentimental a manner.

Especially is this true of the first section of the book which treats of Wagner, the Man. For the first time, perhaps, we see Wagner as he really was; not the impeccable demigod invented by Villa Wahnfried and its satellites, nor yet the monster of iniquity imagined by some of his enemies, but a nervous, ill-balanced, erotic little man, who was very agreeable at times, perfectly impossible as a rule, and always egotistical to a pathological degree. Small wonder he found such trouble in the world. "No man," says Mr. Newman, with absolute justice, "ever had such friends; no man ever lost such friends; and he lost them all by placing too great a strain on their friendship, their finances, their rights of independence."

That sums up Wagner's character, both in its good and bad respects, once and for all.

So Mr. Newman's exposition of fact, often witty, always clear, will, it is to be hoped, finally dam the stream of German and English *Schwärmerei* that tries to prove Wagner a kind of trinity of Parsifal, Siegfried, and Sachs in one. Most important of all it will, perhaps, make people realise exactly how much respect ought to be paid to the posthumous wishes of anybody so inconsistent as the author of "Parsifal." Yet even the most rabid Wagnerian need not be discouraged over much. Any musician is best judged by his music, not his life (because his music is, in reality, his life) and in that judgment, Mr. Newman, like every other person not obsessed by current fads, establishes Wagner among the hierarchy of heaven.

THE RUSSIAN OPERA. By ROSA NEWMARCH. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.) 5*s*.

HISTORY OF RUSSIAN MUSIC. By H. MONTAGU NATHAN. (William Reeves.)

These two books naturally cover a good deal of the same ground; but Mrs. Newmarch gives us a sketch, at any rate, of Russian music in quite early times, which, from the title, would have seemed more appropriate to Mr. Nathan's history. Otherwise, Mr. Nathan tells us all

Mrs. Newmarch has to say and a very great deal more. True, he has not the advantage of personal reminiscence such as the delightful account given by Mrs. Newmarch of her meeting with Balakireff. But the amount of material, of actual facts he has accumulated is quite remarkable; and while Mrs. Newmarch's book will perhaps be more popular with the general reader, Mr. Nathan's is unquestionably of greater value to the serious student of musical history.

In dealing with anything so controversial as the rise of the "Nationalist" school in Russia, personal predilection is bound to count to some extent. Mr. Nathan is a stronger "Nationalist" than Mrs. Newmarch, and his judgments vary accordingly. Still, in view of the fact that we can now hear the Operas of Moussorgski, Borodin, and Rimski-Korsakoff for ourselves, the opinions of any musical critic or biographer on the nature of their respective geniuses seem more or less superfluous. What is extraordinarily interesting in both books is the similarity of the fight for recognition waged by Russian composers in the middle of the last century, and the troubles of English composers at the present day. Whether both authors intended consciously to emphasise this parallel seems doubtful, but it is quite obvious down to the most unexpected details. We find the same contempt of "Society" for native music, the same passion for second-rate Italians at the Opera, the same prejudices, the same ignorance. We even read of the same kind of intrigues on the part of foreign musicians. It is rather encouraging, on the whole, to those who believe in the merit of our own younger composers.

But quite apart from this, both books—especially, in our opinion, Mr. Nathan's—are likely to be very welcome at the present time. We are undoubtedly in full revolt against German music, and everybody wants to know something about the Russian school which has come upon most people as a thief in the night. The danger is that the present craze for everything Russian will be used, *à la* Mendelssohn and Händel, to stifle our own "nationalism" in its cradle. That would be a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theories of the "Invincible Band." For, as Mr. Nathan well says: "Patriotism, as an ideal, must of necessity lose every shred of its ethical foundation unless the toleration of a similar spirit in foreign peoples forms part and parcel of the sentiment."

Incidentally, why will musical historians write like this?: "The gorgeous harmonic colouring (of Thamar) is the outcome of a tour of the Caucasus, undertaken prior to Balakireff's settlement in St. Petersburg."

How on earth does the author (Mr. Nathan) know? To begin with, it is extremely unlikely that Balakireff said so, and even if he did, we should not necessarily believe him. This kind of thing is typical of the prevalent passion for giving literary or romantic reasons for purely musical phenomena—*vide* "analytical notes," *passim*.

CRITICAL

JOSEPH CONRAD: A STUDY. By RICHARD CURLE. Kegan Paul and Co. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

One can imagine what a joy this book must be to a certain kind of reviewer—that queer type of Anglo-Saxon reviewer who ekes out lack of education with superfluity of catchwords, and has crept into the Press (God knows how) when he ought to have been selling bacon over the counter at Bethnal Green. He does not get a volume like this every day; he will doubtless make the most of it. For Mr. Curle scorns to affect the Buddhistic *ex-cathedra* utterance which alone—to whatever end it may be directed—commands his respectful homage. Although favourably known as a critic and writer of fiction, he is breaking new ground in these pages; it is a pioneer work, this study of one of the most complex and, to English minds, elusive of modern writers; he therefore approaches the subject in a spirit of deferential and scholarly hesitation. The author is feeling his way, as it were, towards a just appraisal. *These estimates of living writers*, he says, *are*, *in their very essence*, *highly tentative*. Hence that intensely personal note which has the ring of sincerity; hence the repetition of phrases like "I believe" or "I venture to think." Of course, this will not do for our critic. Bless his heart! He never thinks: he only knows.

For our part, we have read the work with the greatest interest. It is constructive criticism of a high order. After the infinity of nonsense which has been babbled about Mr. Joseph Conrad, it does one good to read this candid and thoughtful study, which contains not only a searching analysis of that writer's art and philosophy, but a great number of discerning *aperçus* on literature in general. If

it was Mr. Curle's object to make us delve deeper into Conrad's glowing romances and to give us a fuller insight into their meaning, he has assuredly attained it.

ECONOMIC

NATIONAL GUILDS. Edited by A. R. ORAGE. (Bell and Sons.) 5*s.* net.

This book is written round two phrases. The first in point of importance is: Economic power precedes political power; and the second is: Wagery is simply slavery, consequently, the wage system must be abolished. The aim of the writers is therefore the conquest of economic power by the workers, and their method is by the abolition of the wage system. Capitalism, they tell us, has failed. Collectivism, so far as it has been tried, has also failed. And it must continue to fail, for Collectivism is based upon the same pernicious doctrine as is private capitalism. It deals in labour as a commodity and perpetuates the system of rent and interest in another form. Private enterprise and State Socialism thus being condemned, what must be the next move? Syndicalism is unsound as a remedy for industrial unrest, and impracticable, regarded as a scheme for social reconstruction; but the happy medium is found in a fusion of the essential doctrines of Syndicalism and State Socialism in the form of National Guilds, or Guild Socialism.

We have not the space to give a full and clear outline of the proposals of Mr. Orage and his colleagues, but, briefly, they are these: To acquire economic power—which "precedes and dominates political power"—the workers must transform their trade unions into Guilds. Each Guild will embrace every worker in an industry, whether he be a "salaried" man or a "wage-earner." Thus the fifty odd unions in the transport industry will be fused into one Transport Guild. The first duty of the organisers must be to make their Guilds "blackleg proof." When this is accomplished, the next step is to smash the wage system. The reason for this is given in the following words: "The absolute sale (of the labour commodity) conveys to the buyer absolute possession and control of the products of the purchased labour commodity and estops the seller of the labour commodity from any claim upon the surplus value created or any claim upon the product of

the industry. The wage-earner's one function is to supply labour power at the market price. That once accomplished, he is economically of no further consideration." The aim of the Guild being, of course, the absorption of the whole product of the industry instead of allowing part of it—the difference between the wages of the workers and the total value of wealth created—to pass to the capitalist in the form of rent or profit. The individual members of the Guild would cease to sell their labour as a commodity, for individual wages, but the Guild would contract to supply labour power and run the industry, remunerating the Guild members by "pay" instead of wages. (For a full explanation of the difference between pay and wages, we must refer inquirers to the book, just mentioning, in passing, that soldiers receive "pay," and that this pay is regular, whether they are working (*i.e.* fighting) or not, whether they are well or ill, quite a different thing from the wage of, say, a bricklayer.) "But this would give the Guilds too much power," it is objected. The Guildsmen reply, "Quite so, that is where our Socialism comes in. The State must take over industries and contract with the Guilds to control and run them." It is a daring suggestion, but whether the British workman will ever be "advanced" enough to act upon it we doubt. We heartily recommend "National Guilds" to all inquirers into our present economic muddle and mess.

SEXUAL ETHICS: A STUDY OF BORDERLAND QUESTIONS. By ROBERT MICHELS. Contemporary Science Series. (Walter Scott, 1914.) 6*s*.

Many of the problems suggested by the title are not touched on in this book, but the author discusses the subjects he has selected in a candid and dignified spirit, and obviously with knowledge of the latest scientific research and of life in Germany, Italy, and France. The vindication of the control of parentage as both a duty and a right is the ablest chapter in the book. Signor Michels writes no cheap and furtively erotic glorification of unrestricted motherhood; he asserts that "the type of woman continually engaged in child-bearing is a primitive one, out of harmony with the needs and ideas of modern life"; and that "education and convention . . . have effected a development of the wife's concentration on her child, physiologically grounded, as that concentration is, to a

degree beyond what is neither necessary nor natural." He writes incisively on the offence against both love and modesty in the average middle-class engagement and honeymoon.

On the other hand, he does not make clear how he would set about the social "resanation" which he believes urgent, and seems inclined to wait too patiently upon economic changes; he attaches an exaggerated value to monogamy, not only as an ideal, but as the only justifiable form of union, and fails to give due weight to the infinite sexual variety and variability among women—a variety which has been generally obscured and repressed in the past, and is far from adequately realised.

These are important defects, but the book does not claim to be either exhaustive or conclusive; it has veracity, a sense of justice, and both humanity and delicacy of feeling. One hopes that Signor Michels will find many serious and intelligent readers in the England in whose justice and culture he shows such confidence!

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE DEATH OF A NOBODY. By JULES ROMAINS. Translated by Desmond MacCarthy and Sydney Waterlow. (Howard Latimer, Ltd.) 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

Romains has made for himself a unique position in France, unique because of his method which, moreover, has the quality of novelty. Here, he is almost unknown, and, except for undeniable traces of his influence upon some of the latter work of Mr. Arnold Bennett, he may be said to be a novelty with us too. This book then is most welcome; it has been admirably translated, no easy task either, for the style of Romains is intensely idiomatic, and the method admirably adapted to the conciseness of the French language. The English authors are to be congratulated. About the method, a great deal might be said. Technically, it is revolutionary in fiction, which it treats as applied philosophy. Its chief features are—the abolition of individuality or characterisation, the insistence *per contra* upon "group consciousness," the composite correlation, significance and attachments of men's acts, lives; the act being thus subordinate to its moment in process or progress; in a word, instead of bringing out the inner life of the individual, Romains shows rather the philosophical

meaning and results of that individual's life, regarded, analytically, as part of the cosmic philosophy. Obviously, it is a purely intellectual method, necessarily cold, non-sentimental, non-romantic, unemotional, void of all the usual trappings of the novel, reason being, as it were, its *leit-motif*, that reason which, as we know, has no heart. And yet not altogether. Such is the art of Romains, he can be curiously sympathetic, human, even pathetic in his philosophic analysis of causation, and there are pieces in this book of exquisite beauty and refinement. Take, for instance, the description of the old father entering the village *diligence* on the way to Paris to attend his son's funeral. He feels the forces of the people opposite to him "intersect in him, like long needles in a piece of knitting. Little by little his right to be there increased; time united him to the others, as by a kind of glue that gradually hardens." And that is the charm of Romains. Though avowedly philosophical and symbolic, because explanatory rather than revelatory, his work is singularly clean and imaginative, rich with the poetry of idea. Instead of being dull, prosaic, the thing is acutely stimulating, poetic. The most ordinary events become matters of composite importance. Humanity grows softened in the process. People whose lives are purely routine, sordid, and uneventful, take on new meanings, new forms, new valuations. The purpose of them appears, hence their use, importance, or unimportance. Group servility becomes all significant. We see men and women acting and re-acting upon certain groups to which they belong, in themselves, as individuals, stirring nothing, touching nobody. Thus, the death of a lonely engine driver in a garret touches the emotions of the household. His death unites them for a moment, humanises them. Far away in the country his old parents too are afflicted; the village where they live is afflicted. On his way up to Paris, the old man stirs the emotions of his fellow-travellers. Then there is the funeral, again groups are roused. Lastly comes the end—memory, perhaps the strangest power of all, memory bearing on a totally different group until all is lost and dissipated. Very strange—unquestionably. The new fiction—possibly. No one interested in literature should neglect to read this affecting little book which is pretty sure to influence our novelists, if only for the new fields it opens to them, the new machinery it provides for getting into the soul and

emotions of man. It is the novel of symbol—the philosopher's entry into romance. He enables us to grasp, to imagine. In many ways his little work cuts deeper into the spirit of life than anything that has been written since Strindberg, who attempted the analysis of the soul. One pales at the thought of the clumsy imitations which are bound to follow. None the less, in this art, at once philosophical and imaginative, there would seem to lie the core of a new comprehension of literary creation.

FICTION

THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD. By J. D. BERESFORD. (Heinemann.)

After "The Hampdenshire Wonder" one expects rather tremendous things from Mr. Beresford, and here once more he startles. This time with drink—the study of a drunkard. Mr. Beresford's manner is atmosphere, the conjuring up of climatic drama, piece by piece, by the subtlest process of evolutionary presentation, all melodramatic effects being rigidly taboo. In this, the author succeeds. Opening quietly with sufficient mystery to compel interest, the book grows into an absorbing study of a drunkard, the intellectual type who drinks secretly, who "soaks," and of the efforts made to cure him, which most ingeniously evolve into a love affair so natural, so distinguished, that it becomes a logical and integral part of the story. The portrait of this dour Scot drinking himself to death is genuinely *macabre*. It is essentially a portrait, drawn from the model. Very adroitly, the artifice of fiction is avoided, and yet there is romance, haunting, strange, and curiously sincere, which gives the work a splendid vitality. Here certainly we have the new fiction—life; true characterisation, revelation, with the indefinable power of the artist. All three characters in the book have been carefully thought out. The sordid drama in Demetrius Road is intensely actual, pitiless in its searching presentation. Mr. Beresford has written another fine book.

A CHILD WENT FORTH. By YOI PAWLOWSKA. (Duckworth and Co.) 5*s*. net.

Another novel by Yoi Pawlowska, this one proving that the author's success in her two former works was not accidental. In this novel, which is the tale of a child in a little Hungarian village, the writer has conjured up an

atmosphere of charm and beauty which, as it is unlike most other modern fiction, is curiously haunting and pathetic. The tale is of the very slightest, but it is none the less interesting for that. The author, too, writes with natural felicity. Indeed, this little work is quite distinctive, and even astonishing in a quiet and feminine way.

POETRY

COLLECTED POEMS. By NORMAN GALE. (Macmillan.) 6*s*.

In such strenuous days of passionate life as we now live, it is a somewhat daring task to attempt an appreciation of Mr. Norman Gale.

Some serpent once observed that he was Wordsworth and water, adding that Wordsworth was Windermere and water; and no doubt he represents a truly homœopathic dilution of the Sphinx-poison that we call poetry.

Such verse as "An Outline" is either comic or obscene:—

> As Mary walked ahead with John
> We heard glad voices ringing;
> But suddenly there came a pause
> Filled up by wood-birds singing,
> Filled up by wild birds singing.
>
> As John came back to us alone
> His eyes with tears were welling.
> 'Twas but a simple tale he told
> That was not worth the telling,
> Ah me! not worth the telling.

He is also a master of anti-climax:—

> O to think, O to think as I see her stand there
> With the rose that I plucked, in her glorious hair,
> In the robe that I love,
> So demure and so neat,
> I am lord of her lips and her eyes *and her feet*!

There is also much inferior technique, and always poverty of thought. A single idea, however good, does not make a poem, any more than Dionysus could revel without his mænads.

But now and then we find glow-worm sparkles by the hedge of the country lane through which Mr. Gale conducts us. It is a rather long lane, and it is always twilight. There are ghosts of milkmaids, and echoes of bird-voices. The white-throat, the blue-tit, the quaketail, the harebell, the lad's-love, the lupin, are his fauna and flora. There is no poetic substance in these as there is in the eagle and the rose. Mr. Gale was, indeed, the piccolo in that very bad orchestra of the 'nineties called the Decadent

School, and one's first emotion is that of wonder that anything of this should in any the smallest sense survive.

In Mr. Gale's "Eucharist," the miracle is not transsubstantiation or even consubstantiation, but rather unsubstantiation; for his Elements are not Bread and Wine, but Bread and Butter and Barley-water.

SOCIOLOGY

THE PROGRESS OF EUGENICS. By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S. Edin. (Cassell.) 1914. 5*s.* net.

We hope that as many of the public as possible will read and digest this little book, before they pay any more attention to the various distinguished physicists, chemists, moral philosophers, politicians, and clerics, who are the most popular and positive authorities on heredity and population. The achievements of Darwin, and the unique personality of Galton, have been made use of by the so-called "Neo-Darwinian" Eugenists, to bolster up much arbitrary and cruel generalising, which is here shown to have no warrant in facts. Dr. Saleeby's controversial style is neat: "to write a treatise on practical Eugenics to-day, assuming the truth of all the conclusions reached in the memoirs of the biometricians, would be simple, and might be convincing." The most valuable portion of this book is the very clear and readable sketch of Mendel's law, and its bearing upon human heredity, in the light of the most recent and careful research. "Statistical statements of averages and probabilities will not do." "It is the importance of the individual, that emerges from the study of Mendelism." Dr. Saleeby also recognises the importance of nurture, environment, and social psychology, and the need of developing human variety.

It is possible to disagree heartily with some of the author's dicta (especially where he has been compelled to "hedge" rather than risk the accusation of attacking marriage)—yet have only admiration for his work as a populariser of genuine research, for his courageous defence of the poor, and for his "hope and forward-looking mind."

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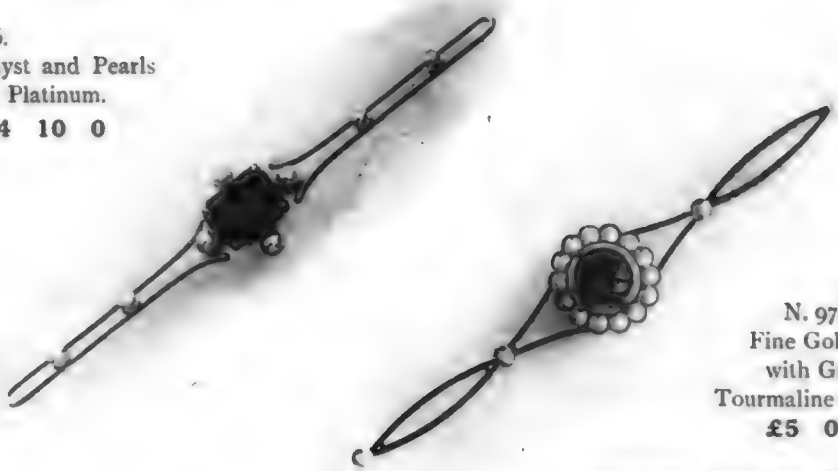

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Choses a la Mode

BY

MADAME SIMONE A. PUGET.

Madame Puget is in direct touch with the leaders and creators of Parisian fashion: her indications, therefore, may be accepted as the *earliest* and most authoritative pronouncement of what will be *le dernier cri de la mode* in the coming season. The supplements are written in Paris and illustrated from actual models; they are not, therefore, mere repetition of what is already known to the creators of London fashions.

Alea jacta est. Ample tunics are definitively adopted by the Parisian gentry. But the *couturier's* art reduces to its supreme narrowness the underskirt, which slily has to fit the hips closely beneath the draperies' illusion.

Le dernier cri is to wear some real virile trousers with two cylindrical legs. I must confess they are hardly to be seen, as the tunic recovers them on its way down until about one centimetre from the ground. They may get obvious under certain circumstances:

for instance, when our friends find armchairs or sofas so convenient that they cross their legs to be still more "comfy." But perhaps this *dernier cri* will start regrets in one part of the company, and sad remembrances of foregone delicate cobweb stockings.

* * * * * * * *

Although our actual June is hardly propitious, time has occurred of dinner-parties in the Bois de Boulogne restaurants.

Shall I tell my English lecturers of some late fancies adopted for the purpose?

Here is, first of all, the nocturnal veil.

From the hat's brim a translucid black lace comes down to the nose. Green, black, blue, violet, grey, or chesnut eyes are thus protected from the light's hard radiance, and behind the fragile gate the looks borrow a new languidness.

* * * * * * * *

Around every soft white arm the bracelet watch is still fixed - although it always was to me a mistake to make a jewel from a watch.

The last style is a small octogonal platina watch, encircled with small pearls and diamonds. The white and grey symphony raises by the black velvet ribbon, lined with white satin, which fastens it round the wrist by a diamond buckle.

Of course, instead of the black velvet ribbon you may offer a ribbon made of several supple threads of small real pearls. I don't think the present would ever be called obtrusive.

The new tunics do not allow any pockets—the small bags look rather old-lady like. Then how are we to carry the whole of our needful beauty luggage?

An innovation arrives from America very tumultuously announced. It is a small doe-skin pouch fixed around the leg by a leather thong at a small distance from the knee. I do not believe the invention will be a surprise to Paris. Golden "louis" in stockings are not quite an innovation here. Who is she, of the French comedy, who sets in the top part of her golden silk stockings a touch-wood or any other amulet, on her first representations evenings?

"*Affaire d'habitude*"—matter of use—said some peevish one.

* * * * * * * *

For next summer hot(?) evenings fashionable women are aware of carrying the new pocket ventilator. Any eighteenth-century box will be trimmed with three wings, displayed and moved by a short pressure on a small knob.

At the most elegant suppers we shall see our beauties spraining their forefingers on jade buttons.

Whatever may occur with the fashion, it will be an unforeseen gesture.

* * * * * * * *

Our *couturiers* often seem to supply the necessity of creating pretty models by the single care of creating new things. It is a perpetual rush towards *nouveautés*.

The women who ordered dresses in the late month of March style become aware with amazement of their out-of-fashion appearance.

One does not see any more these dresses of yesterday which were tucked up in the back, and simulated puffs. One goes back to straight skirts and to wide straight skirts.

As a rule afternoon dresses allow better than tailor-made costumes to follow Fashion's daily modifications. Therefore do these dresses get so easily ridiculous from one season to the other, and even from a season's beginning up to the end of it.

The actual characteristic of fashion is the long wide pleated tunic, pucked, or cut aslant, almost entirely recovering a narrow skirt or shy trousers. With very dressy costumes, underskirts or trousers are made of black tulle or white muslin.

Plain taffety is not quite as successful as one could have think it would be. It gets easily cut, and if you choose some cheap stuff it will soon look like a scrap. But embossed taffety as a great vogue; it is very fascinating with its small embroidered bouquets, and it matches splendidly the actual dresses with *volants* in the style of 1830.

Young girls and young women will be able to compose a lovely toilette with a pretty striped, or check-red, or embroidered taffety. The bodice has to be quite plain with short balloon sleeves like those of children, a large ribbon belt, and a small white wimple. The skirt is made from top to bottom of festooned *volants*.

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Crapes and poplins and the classical *foulard* are dangerous rivals to taffety.

One makes charming little dresses of *foulard* looking quite juvenile and so light and convenient. Some kind of *foulard* printed with big *pastilles* and combined with fine serge compose very *chic* dresses for afternoon parties.

One does not use satin as often as one used to, except for the beautiful ribbons which adorn almost every dress.

In several big *maisons de couture* one can see dresses trimmed with *volants* made of ribbons. At the Derby one model was specially successful: it is made of white tulle trimmed with high rows of black watered-silk ribbons, which are laid very low on the forepart of the skirt and climb up the waist behind. The back of the bodice is entirely made of the same large ribbon, playing a bolero effect. The ribbon must be at least twenty-five centimetres broad.

Fine ribbons being in actual dresses an important element of *garniture*—easy to diversify following to each peculiar taste, and every dress-purpose.

Besides the straight tunics, ribbons play some amusing draped effects around the waists, in front or behind; they sketch amusing puffs and flounces on the hips, and set long points waved by the wind.

There is an actual struggle between the two silhouettes: thin long tunics widening below, and the silhouette made rather *bouffante* around the hips—struggle between funnels and lamp-shades.

Besides, the shapes crinoline, minaret, and lamp-shade, seem to take a slight advantage, and our skirts often look like our peasants! As borders and edges we notice the same vivid coloured stripes effects.

A whole lot of smart little dresses may be obtained by a same disposal: a long redingote-tunic on a narrow skirt. We shall see fine blue serge redingotes edged with yellow and red stripes, worn with a black satin underskirt; others made of striped poplin—stripes being laid astride—on an aslant pleated tunic.

Another model which is sure to be successful will be composed of a white serge underskirt, a flat white serge bodice, and a skirt-tunic in plaid taffety pucked round the waist. The bodice is fastened in the front with tiny plaid nacre buttons.

The peculiar fancy of every dress remains in the waistcoat's choice, the wimple, or the neck made of tulle *linon* or lace.

The lace may be wisely employed as a material to bring some bloom around the face. It is less fragile than tulle or *linon,* which require to be changed every day. I think we shall see many *lace-chichis* during summer in the bodices' cuttings. For, of course, every bodice is still very low-cut in front. The most decent women hoist in daytime what was formerly considered as an exclusive evening prerogation.

By the stormy windy July our modern astrologers sadly foretell, we shall have to provide with *tours-de-cou,* if we want to avoid bothering throat-ache. We won't have them made of anything else than ostrich feathers—fluffy collars with long flaky blades in the boa's style.

To supply furs as soon as the weather will get warm we shall see elegant napes formed with *Medicis* collars made of ostrich feathers, with blades ascending in curls or falling as a puffy silken fringe. They will match our hat's trimmings—for aigrettes and paradise-birds are evidently dethroned.

Fashion's kingdom actually extends to a new estate. Women *à la mode* are presently very keen on their motor-car's inner decoration. They realise how a fitting rolling frame may raise their seduction. It is one of the most prettiest sights of elegancy, that of a fine woman passing foreby nestled in a coquet box which

keeps her apart from any promiscuity, from the street's crowd, dust, and agitation.

Through the crystal panels women look more fragile and more precious. They will increase the impression by taking the same great care of their car's decoration as they did of their home's.

There is a craze to apply Futurist fashions to cars' interiors. Everybody has been able to see at a great Parisian decorator's

shop-window a fascinating black and white *coupé* everyone would have wished to delight in.

The exterior's upper part was painted in black varnish, while the lower one was white with vertical black stripes.

The new fashion for town motor-cars requires stripes just as it does for dresses.

And the inside, too, becomes very *chic* and up-to-date when the seat is covered with a striped canvas or thick cotton stuff. The

model which I just spoke of was inwardly made of light grey wood —flesh of the precious grey maple-tree veined like a delicate wrist. No padded walls nor quilted seats. The ceiling is square, made of wood, a string of small electric lights frames it all round, so that light is generous and judiciously dispensed when required.

Both doors have got plain grey wood panels.

Black canvas-bands with green pearl tassels hang over the large square windows, and will be useful to pull down the rolled green silk curtains. A thick green carpet lays on the floor—as thick and soft as grass.

A round black velvet cushion, with a green rose embroidered in its centre, is waiting to incurve under two little feet or a pet poodle. The back part, including the seats, and the partition against which backs lean, are covered with a thick upholster striped with black lines.

The small toilette case and fold-up little table are in grey maple-tree wood edged with a row of black wood beads. The bottles and boxes have an oxidised metal *garniture*. An oval mirror is set into the grey panel on one side of the front window. It is encircled by a narrow black wood frame inlaid with green beads. The whole of it is quite *le dernier cri du genre*. She will already have some reason to be a happy creature she who will be transported in such a refined rolling home.

SIMONE A. PUGET.

Madame Puget will be happy to answer any enquiries respecting Paris Fashions, and upon receipt of a post card addressed to her care of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, 17–21, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., to give the names and addresses of recommended Decorators, Tapissiers, Costumiers, Milliners, etc., in Paris.*

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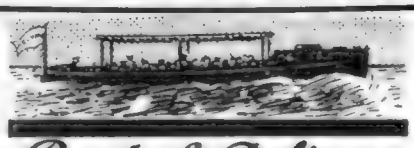

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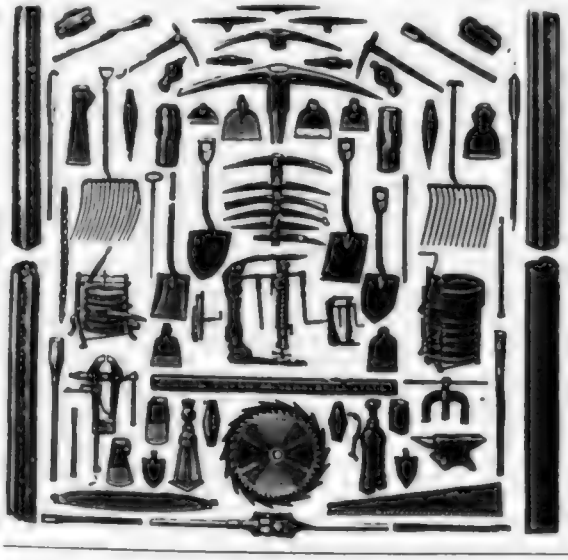

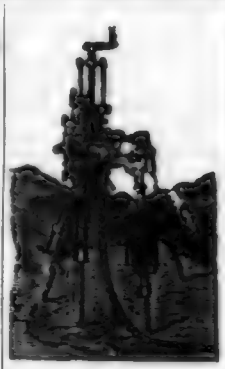

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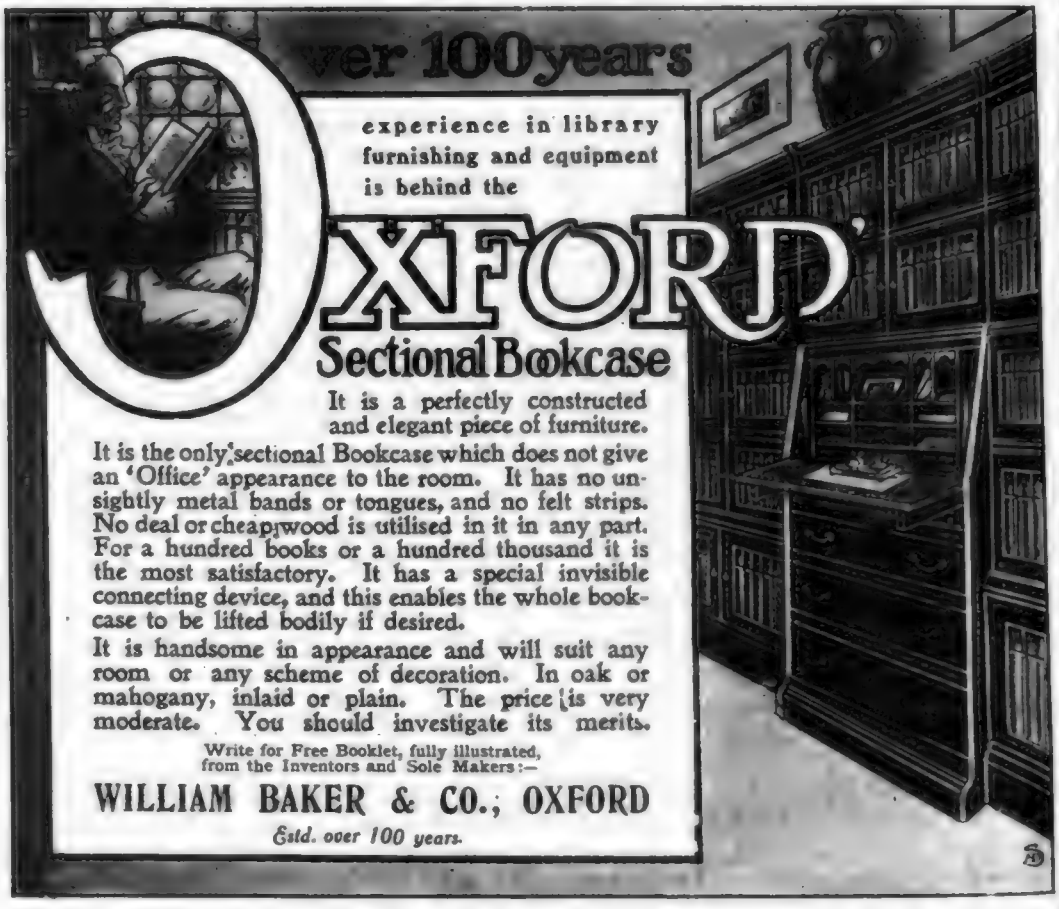
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Letters from a Town to a Country Woman

How to Cope with the Housekeeping Problem

¶ A change that is all for the better has affected catering this season. Everywhere one notes that, although menus are shorter and simpler, food is far better cooked, and infinitely better served, than it has been hitherto, while everything that is amateurish seems to have disappeared from present-day hospitality.

This is due, to a great extent, to the wonderful advance made by the Cooked Provision and Bakery Departments at several of the big London stores, the heads of which, realising the extraordinary opportunities that the dearth of good cooks presents, have wholeheartedly undertaken to cater for the needs of the ordinary housekeeper, who finds it not only better, but cheaper, to avail herself of the opportunities now presented in this direction.

Household Catering a Fine Art

¶ One London store in particular, which conducts its business on the most up-to-date and hygienic lines, and sets an extraordinarily high standard where everything connected with food is concerned, has this season brought the question of household catering to a fine art. Here not only does one find all that is best and most wholesome where meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, groceries, bread, cakes and pastries, and dairy produce is concerned, but one also finds that all these commodities, which come direct from the most reliable farms and home centres all over the United Kingdom, are bought in such enormous quantities that the very best food can be sold at prices that really do make a considerable reduction in the weekly household expenses.

Luxuries in Tabloid Form

¶ Realising that really wholesome food, guaranteed to be made of the best and purest ingredients, is a felt want, not only in small flats and suburban houses, but in mansions and villas all over the country, they are catering for an increasing class of customer, who, recognising the possibilities of the new departure, see that they need no longer be at the mercy of inferior and extravagant cooks, who demand kitchen-maids to wait upon them and who waste far more than they use.

Freshly cooked, bottled, and preserved provisions are all pressed into the service, and, what is more, luxuries are sold here in tabloid form. In their Cooked Provision Department, not only does one find the best home-made pies of every sort and every size, as well

as the usual tongues, hams, chickens, galantines, &c., but one also discovers such dainties as fish cakes and fish cutlets, rissoles or chicken creams, that require only to be warmed up; while little mousses of ham or chicken or other forms of food in aspic are sold in quantities sufficient for one or two people for a few pence each. Bottled soups and sauces, and all manner of French comestibles and delicacies, that do duty for savouries, further simplify the difficulties of varying the daily menu, even if one employs only a good plain cook.

A Tea Table Innovation

¶ Writing of matters concerning the household reminds one of a new kind of brown bread, which is far more wholesome and purer than any other kind, that is being used this season for making sandwiches and for bread and butter at afternoon tea parties. The value of this bread from the diet point of view is so enormous that doctors are recommending it for use both in nurseries and in the sick room, while the fact that it is extremely palatable makes it acceptable on all occasions.

Dress and Fashion

A Picturesque Revival

¶ It is good news to hear that clothes are gradually becoming more picturesque and beautiful. The hideous Futurist craze for sensationalism is happily passing, and one notes all the dresses worn by the best dressed women, and seen in the best shops, are picturesque in the extreme.

No longer is the eye offended by grotesque and foolish hats and *outré* bunched-up draped skirts—all such fantastic attire is giving way to a far more sober and saner type of clothing that aims at artistic elegance.

Beautiful River and Seaside Frocks

¶ Nowhere is this more noticeable than in those dainty river and seaside lingerie frocks which are always so becoming to Englishwomen of all ages. One big London shop has been particularly successful with these this season; having laid in a big stock of exquisite Paris models, they were well prepared for the sudden heat wave, and were kept busy all Ascot week supplying customers with beautiful lace and lingerie toilettes; while their supply of simple cottons, voiles, and crêpons for river and seaside wear is so varied that customers may be sure of finding anything they want in this direction at the shortest notice and at prices that suit all purses.

A Sale Opportunity

¶ Those who can afford to wait until the July Sale at this shop begins will do well to turn their attention to this particular type of gown, for some quite exceptional bargains in this direction will be a feature of the forthcoming sale—where garden-party toilettes

and country toilettes will be disposed of for sums that in no way represent their real value. These frocks are perhaps the most satisfactory of all to buy at this season of the year; not only do they look extremely well for wear on all smart occasions, but for holiday and hotel wear a white lace or net gown is an indispensable adjunct, while for Casino wear abroad such a toilette is far more becoming than an ordinary evening gown.

The New Cape in a New Guise

¶ Writing of Summer Sales reminds one that at one big sale, which will prove the sensation of shopland during the middle of July, a *specialité* is being made of beautiful examples of the new military capes which are going to be reduced to half their original cost. These prove a very sound investment as, far from having had their day, they are rapidly increasing in popularity and are the favourite and only kind of wrap worn both in the daytime and in the evenings. At Ascot they were worn by all the best-dressed women, who evidently appreciated the fact that nothing has ever proved half so becoming as these long graceful reversible satin cloaks that allow the entire front of the dress to be displayed and hang gracefully from the back of the shoulders, supported by cross-over straps.

Tussore for Travelling

¶ The same military type of wrap is being exploited in natural coloured tussore and shantung for travelling wear. These are lined with bright printed Jap-silks or rich shades of *moiré* silk, and show the high collars and the characteristic vest fronts that prove so becoming. Like the satin capes these are reversible, and can consequently be used on all occasions. So far they are obtainable at one shop only, yet all the best-dressed women are buying them for motor, race, and travelling wraps, as the shantung throws off the dust, while for smart occasions the same cloak can be worn reversed—a particularly favourite and smart effect being achieved by a cape of natural shantung lined with deep navy blue *moiré,* which proves a very artistic improvement upon the uninteresting dust cloak of yesterday.

Where to buy White Washing Skirts

¶ At another sale, that will begin during the last week in June and continue throughout July, a feature will be made of exceptionally cheap and well-made white washing skirts which certainly should not be overlooked. These come as a boon and a blessing to the tennis girl and the sportswoman, or those who frequent the river or the seaside. Made in white washing poplin, in *piqué*, linen, or drill, these skirts are suitable for wear on all occasions, and their great merit lies in the fact that although they cost but a few

shillings each, they are so well made from such good designs that they have not an ordinary "ready-made" appearance, while another virtue is that they do not lose their shape when washed.

Autumn Visiting and House Toilettes

¶ At this same sale customers will also find unrivalled opportunities for procuring some exceptionally cheap and very smart day and evening frocks of the most up-to-date designs, which have been specially prepared for early autumn wear and show advanced fashions. These should not be overlooked by women who make a study of economical dressing, for they are something quite out of the ordinary. Other bargains that will doubtless appeal to numerous buyers are some beautiful silk coats and skirts. These are quite new goods that have not been shown before, and seeing that silk tailored costumes are to be even more popular during the autumn than they have been throughout the summer season, the wise of life will avail themselves of the opportunity of buying them at something like half the price asked in the ordinary way.

Holiday Hats

¶ Millinery for the holidays is yet another engrossing topic, for the woman who really scores a success satorially never attempts to wear her town millinery in the country. Yet the choice of the right kind of hat for holiday wear is by no means easy. For the moment there is a *furore* for Panama straws, which are greatly reduced in price; while those who are waiting for something even cheaper, will be delighted with the new white summer felts of feather-weight variety, which, made in the popular "Panama" shape, are carrying all before them.

A Hat for an Occasion

¶ A more dressy type of hat, and one that it anything but expensive, and looks well worn with practically any type of toilette from a white lace or net garden-party frock to a tussore coat and skirt or a severe tailor-made serge, is one of the new smart sailor hats fashioned of the new shiny black or navy straw, and lined underneath with taffeta of the same colour. This is trimmed with a wreath of white satin ivy leaves, and two white birds are artistically poised on the low crown. This hat is delightfully becoming to wearers of all ages, and for the convenience of customers living out of town the shop that is selling it will forward a sketch to all who write for the same.

Hand Bags for Futurist Colours

¶ Hand-bags grow more beautiful every day; for the moment the cup-shaped *pochette*, finished with a heavy tassel and set in a rim of silver that borders a looking-glass hidden away inside, is carrying all before it. Made in black or blue *moiré* silk, or vivid coloured brocades enriched with gold and silver threads, these are

to be had in all sizes and all shapes, and the more riotous their colouring the more fashionable they are. During the holiday season they will be even more popular still, doing duty for seaside work and Casino bags—as well as vanity cases containing every imaginable toilette appliance from powder-puff to lip salve. At one shop in town one may see a selection of some hundreds of different shapes and sizes made in every imaginable colour; while here also one finds a lovely assortment of Venetian bead bags that are copies of antiques, worked in such a manner that they are as limp and as pliable as the softest silk.

Fashions for Men and Women

¶ Amongst the novelties for men's wear that have made their appearance this summer are some very beautiful colour designs and new patterns for shirting in a fabric that is guaranteed to both wash and wear remarkably well. This fabric is obtainable in various textures, such as silk, silk and wool, wool and cotton, or linen and cotton, and so artistic and satisfactory does it prove that it is being adopted by numbers of sportswomen for making golfing and tennis shirts fashioned on severe tailored lines that call for something more substantial than the ordinary blouse silk, *crêpe de Chine,* or cotton fabrics.

Tweeds for the Shooting Season

¶ By the time these words are in print Society will be busy making preparations for the annual exit to the moors or Scotland. To meet this flitting, Messrs. Burberry, of the Haymarket, have already several delightful new models in all that is latest in up-to-date tweed costumes to show their customers, while their range of beautiful tweed and beautiful "sporting silk" for lining cloaks and coats are the talk of the town, nothing more original or smarter having been seen for several years.

Here one finds sporting attire, both for men and women, at its best, as besides their well-known staff of tailors attached to the gentlemen's department, they employ a big number of men tailors who are exclusively employed cutting-out and fashioning smart shooting and country tailor-made costumes for their numerous lady customers.

Miscellaneous

Summer Jewellery

¶ Holiday jewellery is fast becoming a fashionable fad, for so many women find a travelling insurance far too expensive a luxury to tempt them to take their valuables abroad and chance losing the same in hotels. Consequently the makers of imitation pearls are busy just now copying famous ropes and necklaces. One shop in particular noted for the wonderful reproductions it sends out is

doing an enormous trade in fine pearl necklaces of all sizes, the value of their work lying in the fact that every pearl in these ropes represents an exact copy of some famous pearl, while the necklaces they make do not perish as most imitation pearls are apt to do after they have been worn on the skin for some time.

The New Bangle

¶ Here also one finds the new single flexible bangles that are the craze of the season. These are made in small imitation diamonds set in flexible links and are so much more becoming to wear than the rigid bangle of yesterday. These look like a single band of invisibly-set diamonds, that flash with every movement of the wearer's hand, and being quite loose they have the effect of making the hands look remarkably small. Originally introduced for day wear, the new bangle has proved so becoming that it is worn for the evening as well, and promises to become quite as indispensable an adjunct of dress as the now ubiquitous row of pearls.

Silver by Paul Storr

¶ It is not often that such a complete dinner set as one now on exhibition at the establishment of the well-known firm of old English silver experts, Elkington and Co., Ltd., is seen, and it is indeed doubtful if another like it exists. The decoration of hollow flutes, chased with oak branches and acanthus leaves, with an edge of richly-moulded shell and foliage, at once proves to the connoisseur that it is the work of the famous Paul Storr, who flourished from about 1800. Pieces by this maker are greatly sought by collectors, and in the near future Paul Storr silver will appreciate in price beyond that of any other silversmith of his period.

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Music for House-boats, Country Houses, and Yachts

¶ Lovers of music will be delighted with the latest invention of this age—a small portable musical instrument made on the lines of a piano, but with steel forks instead of strings as sound producers. This produces a tone not so loud but far sweeter than an ordinary piano, while the fact that the new instrument requires no tuning is a recommendation. Being very small and quite portable and remarkably cheap, it is in great request for use on house-boats, yachts, and small country cottages, and flats where lack of room is often a bar to possessing a piano. It is also being used in

nurseries and school-rooms for practising purposes; while musical women are adopting the new invention for use in boudoirs or small sitting-rooms.

Ideal Motor Launches

¶ Special interest is also being taken this season in some new motor launches suitable for use on the sea or the river. These are remarkably cheap and well made, and can be had in a large variety suitable for all purposes, and for use both at home and abroad. Simple to work and satisfactory from every point of view, these make a particular appeal to the holiday public at this time of the year.

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" *Royal Castle*
" *The Cottage*
Looe—*Headland House*
Lizard—*Housel Bay*
Loch Katrine—*The Trossachs*
" **Lomond**—*The Inversnaid*
Lucerne—*Bristol*
" *des Balances*
" *National*
Moffat—*Hydropathic*
Mundesley—*Olde Manor House*
Newquay—*Headland*
" *Edgcumbe*
" *Atlantic*
" *Victoria*
North Berwick—*Marine*
Neuchâtel—*Hotel du Lac*
Oban—*Royal*
" *Great Western*
" *Marine*
Penzance—*Western*
" *Mount's Bay*
Padstow—*South Western*
Peebles—*Hydro*
Perth—*Station*
Plymouth—*Grand*
Ryde—*Royal Pier*
St. Ives—*Tregenna Castle*
St. Andrews—*Grand*
" *Marine*
Salcombe—*Marine*
Sandown—*Sandown*
Shanklin—*Madeira*
Stranaer—*King's Arms*
Southwold—*Marlborough*
Sheringham—*Grand*
" *Sheringham*
Scarborough—*Pavilion*
" *Royal*
" *Prince of Wales*
Sidmouth—*Knowle*
" *Bedford*
Shandon—*Hydropathic*
Sandsend—*Sandsend*
Tenby—*Royal Gate House*
" *Imperial*
" *Peerless*
Tintagel—*King Arthur's Castle*
Troon—*Marine*
Ventnor—*Metropole*
Windermere—*Riggs*
" *Crown*
" *Belsfield*
Whitby—*Royal*
" *Metropole*
Zurich—*Habis Royal*